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JANUARY 30, 1968

IN THIS ISSUE:
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NATIONAL REVIEW

The Great Marijuana Problem

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5 PROPHET OF THE YEAR CONTEST ♦ THOMAS MOLNAR ON THE OKLYN COLLEGE RIOTS ♦ 'YOU ASKED FOR IT, CHARLIE,' BY JAMES BURNHAM ♦ ALSO KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, HAZELTON, KIRK

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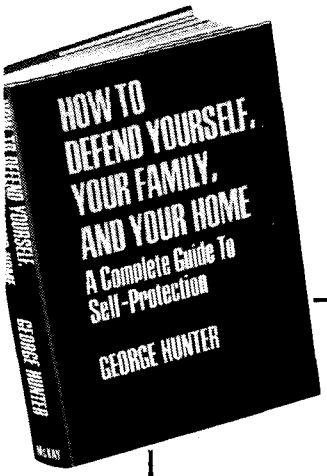

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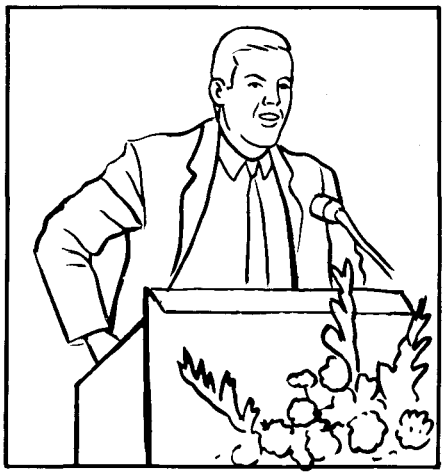

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VOL. XX NO. 4

62 **The Week**

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

58 Letters
72 The Third World War *by James Burnham*
74 The Great Marijuana Problem *by Antoni Gollan*
81 The Wild Grass Chase *by Ferdinand Mount*
85 Near Eastern Sores *by E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn*
86 D-Day at Brooklyn College *by Thomas Molnar*
88 From the Academy *by Russell Kirk*
89 Delectations *by Nika Standen Hazelton*
98 Trans-O-Gram
102 For the Record

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

91 In One More Generation *by Poul Anderson*
92 Fiction *by Guy Davenport*
94 Urban Contradictions *by Christopher Nichols*
95 The GOP Today *by Robert E. Bauman*
96 Movies in Brief *by Richard Corliss*
97 Books in Brief

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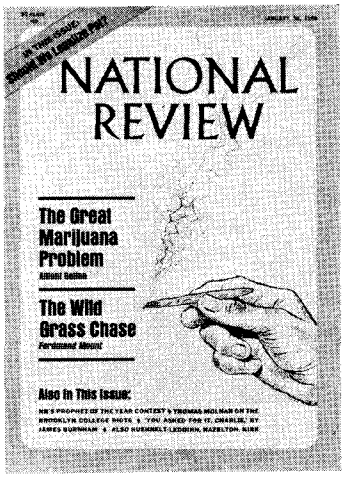
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ Two young conservatives debate the merits of legalizing marijuana. As well they might, for the issue is by no means the property of the New Left. The proportion of hawks to doves on American college campuses is something like 3-2, according to a recent Gallup poll, yet 61 per cent of the same college students are against expelling anybody for smoking pot, which suggests that, 1) while permissiveness toward pot is getting to be the trendiest thing with the young since chug-a-lugs, 2) Vietnam and All That have relatively little to do with it. Proving that you can be pro pot and America too, **Antoni Gollan** takes the case for legalization, enlisting a number of conservative-libertarian points (and personae) in his cause. Mr. Gollan, a former national board member of Young Americans for Freedom and editor of the *New Guard*, was until recently an editorial writer and political columnist for the *Indianapolis News*. . . . Speaking for the Negative, **Ferdinand Mount** takes up the matter on purely pragmatic grounds: Is marijuana a menace to public health and, if so, are the laws against it worth enforcing in view of continued and widespread illegal use? Mr. Mount, the author of "Nobody Loves the Poor Prez," *NR*'s profile of LBJ (Jan. 16), is now writing in London for the *Daily Mail*. . . . **Thomas Molnar** watched in rage from his fourth-floor classroom, where on quiet days he teaches French literature, as Brooklyn College administrators capitulated, in what could be the first stage of a programmed retreat from law and order on the campus.



➔ **James Burnham** pronounces on the wisdom of LBJ's monetary program and detects in it a well-aimed smack at dollar-happy Europe. . . . The peripatetic **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** looks at Cyprus and concludes that the Rousseauian view of man's nature was formed without reference to the Near East . . . **Russell Kirk**'s latest book, co-authored with James McClellan, is *The Political Principles of Robert A. Taft*. . . . The old European custom of wine after dinner makes for companionable evenings and rosy dawns, as **Nika Standen Hazelton**'s guests know. Follow her tips in Delectations.

➔ **Poul Anderson**, the noted U.S. science fiction writer (*Trader to the Stars, Corridors, The Troubletwisters*), reviews the Hudson Institute's prognosis on the next generation. This is his first appearance in *NR*. . . . **Guy Davenport** balances multiple careers as poet, critic, translator, illustrator and teacher (University of Kentucky). . . . Urban affairs expert **Christopher Nichols** is embarking on a special study of mass communications. . . . Former National Chairman of YAF, **Robert E. Bauman** observes the political scene from a post on Capitol Hill. . . . **Richard Corliss** (pronounced *Richard Corliss*) studies for a Ph.D. at New York University when not writing his polyglot reviews. ➔

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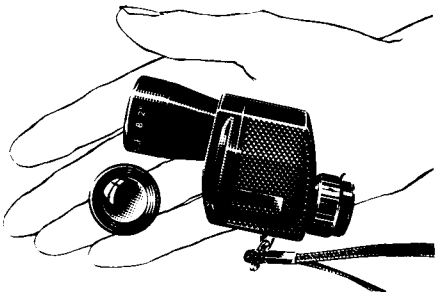

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LETTERS

Mash Note from the Underground

As a liberal Democrat, may I say that I find NATIONAL REVIEW a supercalifragilisticexpialidocious magazine!

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST

Altoona, Penn.

Goldwater's Conscience

Where is the great cry of "principle before politics" of the Goldwater campaign? The interview which appeared in the NATIONAL REVIEW of January 16 shows that the former Senator from Arizona has forgotten some of his noble pronouncements of four years ago.

I refer specifically to his so-called plan "to get the states to do more in the areas where the Federal Government is functioning. . . ." Without batting an eye, Goldwater goes right on to say, ". . . some day we can return to the states the functions of the welfare state. . . ."

This is the same man who wrote in his *Conscience of a Conservative*, "He [the conservative] cannot be economically free, or even economically efficient, if he is enslaved politically; conversely, man's political freedom is illusory if he is dependent for his economic needs on the State," and, ". . . one of the great evils of Welfarism [is] that it transforms the individual from a dignified, industrious, self-reliant spiritual being into a dependent animal creature. . . ."

Obviously, Mr. Goldwater does not realize that it is not enough to merely wave the banner of States' Rights. Welfarism remains a social evil, whether practiced by Washington or Albany.

New London, Conn. ANDREW G. LANG

The Unsatisfactories

It may seem a bit odd for a NATIONAL REVIEW subscriber to defend Chet Huntley, but fair is fair.

There may be any number of philosophical/political reasons for C. H. Simonds to list Mr. Huntley in NATIONAL REVIEW's "Annual Guide to Unsatisfactory People" [Dec. 26], but his action last year during the AFTRA strike is hardly one. Rather than being termed a "scab," Mr. Huntley deserves the praise of a publication such as the NATIONAL REVIEW for his courage in refusing to endorse a strike that he didn't agree with or a union to which he would not belong except through compulsion.

Mr. Huntley, by the way, was not the only broadcasting newsman to stand up to the AFTRA bosses. Frank Magee was also among a small but select group of honorable men. But Mr. Huntley was not taking a new position. During the heat of the 14(b) "extended debate" in January of 1966, he editorialized strongly on NBC-Radio against extending the unions' "right to coerce."

NATIONAL REVIEW might want to contrast this position with that of the CBS newscaster, Walter Cronkite, who blithely resigned recently from the Board of Directors of the National Oceanography Association because of what he termed a possible conflict of political interest (they oppose giving the UN the rights to the resources on the bottom of the world's oceans) but sees no reason to resign from a union that spends a large share of its dues for political purposes, and derives its strength from the morally indefensible system of compulsory unionism.

Washington, D.C. HUGH C. NEWTON
Director of Information
National Right to Work Committee

Poor Neal Freeman! Not only do you juxtapose him with the most unsavory twenty-three of '67 but Mr. Papin's hirsute caricature serves to fill the vacuum left this year by the omission of Sir Robert of the Kennedyites. For shame!

MICHAEL T. HARRIGAN

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

HEW Ye Shall Have Always . . .

NR [Dec. 26] attributes another prediction to HEW Under Secretary Wilbur J. Cohen. This time, the number of the poor should drop to 25 million in 1968. What has happened to his earlier prediction? On April 28, 1957, Cohen was quoted as saying: "The poor won't get poorer during the next ten years—they're going to disappear." This is the start of 1968 and we still have 30 million with us. Perhaps Mr. Cohen should shed the semantic blinders.

Is it so difficult to understand that the best remedy for poverty is an economic system with a minimum of state controls and taxation? That present welfare programs provide a statistical demonstration, so ably presented by Yale Brozen, of perpetual poverty?

Naperville, Ill. EDWARD PALMER M. D.

Israel and the Canal

Mr. James Burnham's article, "Suez Follies," in the Dec. 26 issue of *NR*, reminds me of something that has puzzled me for some time: in all the commentary on the closing of the Suez Canal, no mention has been made of a plan that has been noised about Israel for some time now, to build a new canal from Elath in the south to the new port city of Ashdod, on the Mediterranean. I was apprised of this by the Israel Information Service in New York last summer, when, having found their address on the label of an LP recording of Ambassador Abba Eban's address to the UN General Assembly, I wrote to inquire, among other things, whether the closing of the Canal didn't pose only a relatively minor nuisance to Israel. I reasoned that they were not landlocked, since they had unrestricted access to the Mediterranean. In my letter, I suggested that it might be desirable to build a complex of railroads, highways and pipelines between Elath and Tel Aviv which would permit overland trans-shipment of most cargo brought to Elath that could not go north to the Mediterranean via the Canal.

The reply told me of the plans for the new canal and listed its potential benefits, not just to Israel, but to the whole area: 1) the new canal would need no locks, being at sea level throughout its length, 2) desalination plants could be put up at various locations along it, thereby helping to ease the area's chronic water shortage and 3) water from the new canal could be piped into the Dead Sea, helping to replenish its water, which is being dissipated by the chemical plants in the vicinity faster than the small streams which empty into it can refill it themselves. Finally, this facility would be under the control of a government that could be depended on not to act capriciously.

Again, I can't guess why nothing has been said about this in any of the newspapers or magazines that I've read. Is it some ridiculous conspiracy of silence or just plain ignorance?

Cheshire, Conn. GEORGE BLAUHER

A related plan for atomic desalting plants was described in "Dwight Eisenhower's 'Proposal for Our Time'" by Lewis L. Strauss [NR, *Sept. 19, 1967*]. *Wrote Adm. Strauss: "The proposal . . . does not settle boundary disputes, shipping routes and other acute but temporary issues . . . yet settlement of these would be immensely accelerated by the pressure from all sides to get ahead with such a project."* —ED.

McCarthy's Fate

As a liberal-conservative and a member of the faculty of Eugene McCarthy's alma mater I was especially interested in your editorial, "The Fate of McCarthyism" [Dec. 26].

Eugene McCarthy is certainly one of the more desirable liberals in this country. One could, in fact, describe him as a conservative liberal. Whichever modifier is used, however, it seems clear that McCarthy's candidacy is serving both conservative and liberal purposes. This

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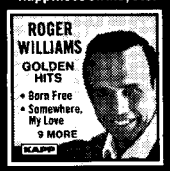

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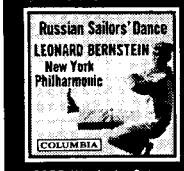

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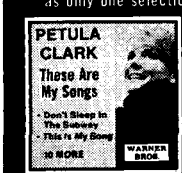
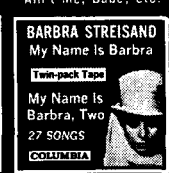


5487. Plus: I Will Wait For You, Lover Man, Groovin', etc.

5485. "... greatest virtuoso orch. of all time."—N. Y. Times



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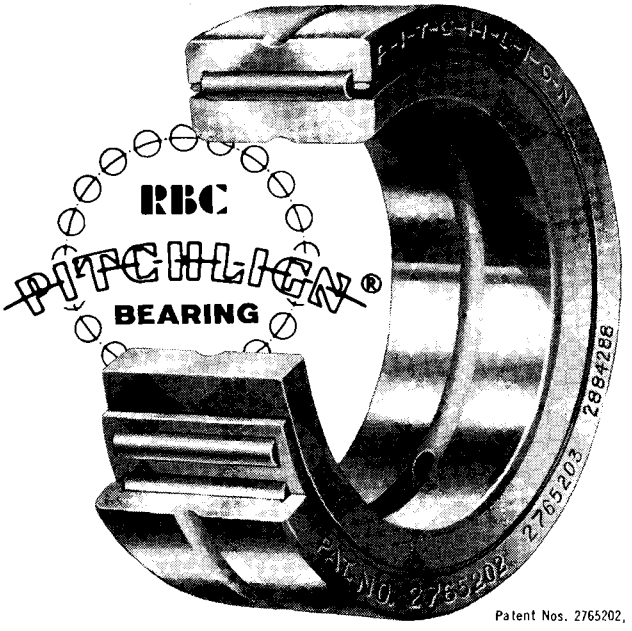

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is true in more ways than one but the primary effect of his campaign would seem a mellowing of the more extreme aspects of the Vietnam protest. It should do this by providing a legitimate channel of protest within the context of our existent institutions.

The *Worker,* which your editorial quotes, obviously dislikes this turn of events. It is quite probable that their comments hope to create a self-fulfilling prophecy which would stem the movement towards moderation which McCarthy's candidacy has germinated.

NATIONAL REVIEW is certainly unmatched amongst American periodicals in its estimation of structural effects in national affairs. The prediction of McCarthy's fate—a future captive of the Left—is such a structural prediction based on political dynamics, not on the personality or character of Senator McCarthy.

Let us hope that, as can happen, character may overcome structure in this case. As a moderating factor in American politics Eugene McCarthy certainly does not deserve the fate to which the *Worker* and, unwittingly, NATIONAL REVIEW are attempting to consign him.

Collegeville, Minn. RICHARD P. DEVINE

Brown's Backbone

And a heartfelt humbug to Harold O. J. Brown. His obsession with the "moral backbone" of America [Dec. 26], leapfrogging all problems of definition, brings on the vision of Dr. Torquemada-Frankenstein drooling over the dissection of a bloated carp. With the same kind of bargain basement natural scientism which makes Huxley so ludicrous, Brown sternly pushes his analogy into total irrelevance. Medical transplants indeed!

The whole piece is flagrantly patronizing and every American Christian, to say nothing of American Jews and others whom we are to understand contribute nothing to the "moral backbone" of America, should properly take offense. Short of placing Mr. Brown, Mrs. Murray, and Mr. Hefner in a closed sack and prodding the lot along to the nearest river, of course.

West New York, N.J. JON PATTON

Black Jack and Captain Eddie

Few book reviewers have a better excuse for skimming, or for not reading, a book they review than does Reviewer William Rickenbacker the autobiography of "Captain Eddie" Rickenbacker [*NR,* Dec. 26]. As the author's son, Reviewer Rickenbacker probably heard first hand all the yarns in the book, and many others besides. Yet it *was* disconcerting to read Reviewer Rickenbacker's statement that Author Rickenbacker "went to France as a staff driver for General Pershing." Just the evening

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efore, I had read Author Rickenback-
's own account of the AEF's arrival
France (June 1917): "The war corre-
ondents were out in full force and
led complete accounts of everything we
id. In the world press I immediately
ecame General Pershing's staff driver.
ooks on aviation and World War I
nd his own son also] persist to this
ay in identifying me as Black Jack's
hauffeur. The truth is that I never did
rive for the General" (p. 88).

vington-on-Hudson, N.Y. BETTINA BIEN

WFR gave the book two careful read-
gs, once in typescript and once in gal-
y, and is familiar with its contents. 2)
military organization and language,
he entire headquarters command is
onsidered as the commander's "staff."
) Thus it is true that EVR was initially
ssigned as staff driver to Pershing (it
common to use the name of the com-
ander as metonym for his command).
l) The world press in 1917, all books
ince, and Miss Bien have misinterpreted
he phrase "staff driver to Pershing"
s meaning "Pershing's personal chauf-
eur." 5) EVR denies that he was Per-
hing's personal chauffeur, and WFR
ever said he was. 6) EVR does not deny
eing assigned as staff driver to Per-
hing, and that's what WFR said he was.
) Need a lift?

—ED.

Kilpatrick on Romney

James Jackson Kilpatrick's superb study
of Mr. Romney [Dec. 12] creates a
dilemma: on one hand, it's the kind of
piece one wants to keep; on the other,
deserves to be circulated among the
enighted.

an Francisco, Cal. JOHN C. ROBB

n the NATIONAL REVIEW of December 12
ames Jackson Kilpatrick raises the
uestion whether Governor George
omney's Mexican birth may constitu-
ionally halt his drive for the White
louse. Kilpatrick cites Article II, Sec-
ion I, Clause 5 of the United States
Constitution, which provides in part that
o person except "a natural-born
itizen" shall be eligible to the office.
he candidacy of Romney, whose father
vas born in the U.S., raises a serious
problem which, Mr. Kilpatrick says
urther, has never been presented to a
ourt for solution. If the meaning of the
hrase "a natural-born citizen" should
e passed upon by a qualified court, the
ell-known rule of "best evidence"
hould be applied. This rule is used to
scertain the meaning of a document,
ot verbal or hearsay evidence, but evi-
lence of the highest degree of proof.

(Continued on p. 101)

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The WEEK

● From the *New York Times*, January 7, p. 44: "One state staff man, drinking beer at the Jack Tar Hotel in Lansing last night, said . . . 'A head of steam is building up, and I expect him [Romney] to take the wild leap into his own inner psyche. . . .' " Come now. *Beer?*

● Some years ago we remarked that the foreign aid program was in trouble, and we based our prophecy on the fact that there was a high turnover rate in the top spot. The same can be said today about the nation's economy, on the evidence of the turnover of chairmen of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Heller, Ackley, now Okun—*plus ça change* . . . the policies of the past will be continued. Indeed, the State of the Union message last Wednesday night confirms that the policies of the past 36 years remain in force. Accelerating government intervention in the private concerns of the people, continuing federal deficits on an enormous scale, persistent refusal on the part of our leaders to face up to economic realities, blind pride in the topsy-turvy priority system of electioneering welfarists, unquestioning faith in the ability of government to solve people's problems by taking money from them—such is the outlook. These policies have led to a global distrust in the value of the U.S. dollar, and the President's pitiable reliance on more of the same cannot but aggravate that distrust. Yes, he did ask the Congress to remove the gold "cover" for Federal Reserve Notes—a pleonastic gesture, since the gold set aside for "cover" was available for foreign settlements anyway, at a small internal penalty charge. But that is nothing more than a debtor's promise to hock his furniture to pay old bills, while he continues to run in the red. We're in trouble, we're getting in deeper, and sooner or later somebody is going to blow the whistle on us.

● A couple of weeks ago Mr. Roy Wilkins of the NAACP drew attention, in his newspaper column, to the deterioration in public protests in the past ten years. In 1956 the Rev. Martin Luther King leapt into fame leading a peaceful and successful boycott of the buses of Montgomery, Alabama. That same Mr. King now proposes, it would appear, far more drastic programs. Wilkins writes: "Today the goal seems to be not the exercise of freedom to dissent, but disruption of services to, and the insulting of, other citizens who may or may not agree with the views of the protest group. Ominously, there is present today the threat of bodily harm and the actual assault upon the person. This is not freedom of speech, but Mafia-like dictatorship."

● Mr. Robert Wallace, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, told the Silver Users Association last week that the Treasury stands ready to melt its hoard of silver coins and sell the silver to industry. Great nations and humble nations struggle alike to keep their coinage from the melting pots, but the forces of the market are stronger than the wishes of politicians. A few years ago Mr. Wallace told Congress that we had enough silver to supply the market and continue our silver coinage through 1972. At that he did better than poor Douglas Dillon, former Treasury Secretary, who told Congress that the Treasury had enough silver to last into the 1980s.

● Fidel Castro would rather have the toenails of the late Che Guevara than the warm body of Régis Debray—that's his reply to the Bolivian government which offered to exchange the hapless Debray for Major Huber Matos, who has been languishing in Castro's prisons since 1959. And for his part of the deal, Castro is willing to let go one hundred political prisoners—*any* one hundred, he emphasized, and the cheers of the 500 delegates to Havana's International Culture Congress showed that El Che was more than just a memory to them, too. If Castro is the high priest of Third World revolution, Guevara is its first holy martyr. An authentic relic must be produced among the faithful. Which, as Che's remains are said to have been cremated and buried the Bolivian government only knows where, may not be easy. The Third World has yet to produce its first miracle.

● The global peace campaign, sparked by the remark of a North Vietnamese spokesman that Hanoi "will" begin negotiations if the U.S. "unconditionally" stops bombing the North, continues unabated. The fact that Hanoi makes no offer to discontinue any of its own operations when the bombs might stop and the talks begin somehow disappears from sight in the peaceniks' rhetoric. In recent days the campaign has opened up a supporting salient. From every journalistic Tom, Dick, and Harry dispatches have been coming about how awful the Saigon government is: graft-ridden, disorganized, tyrannical, by its deals the prime cause of weakening the dollar, riven with internal squabbles, doing nothing on the battle fronts, dead set against land or any other kind of reform, and—oh yes, now that you mention it—not wanting to have the war end on terms that would enable the Communists to take over the country.

● "You have won a battle but lost the war," announced Yuri Galanskov, one of four Russian intellectuals convicted last week of anti-Soviet crimes. And in case his accusers didn't know what he was getting at, two intellectuals not on trial, Mrs. Yuli Daniel (*NR* Dec. 12) and Pavel M. Litvinov (*NR* Jan. 16) filled them in. In a courageous appeal to

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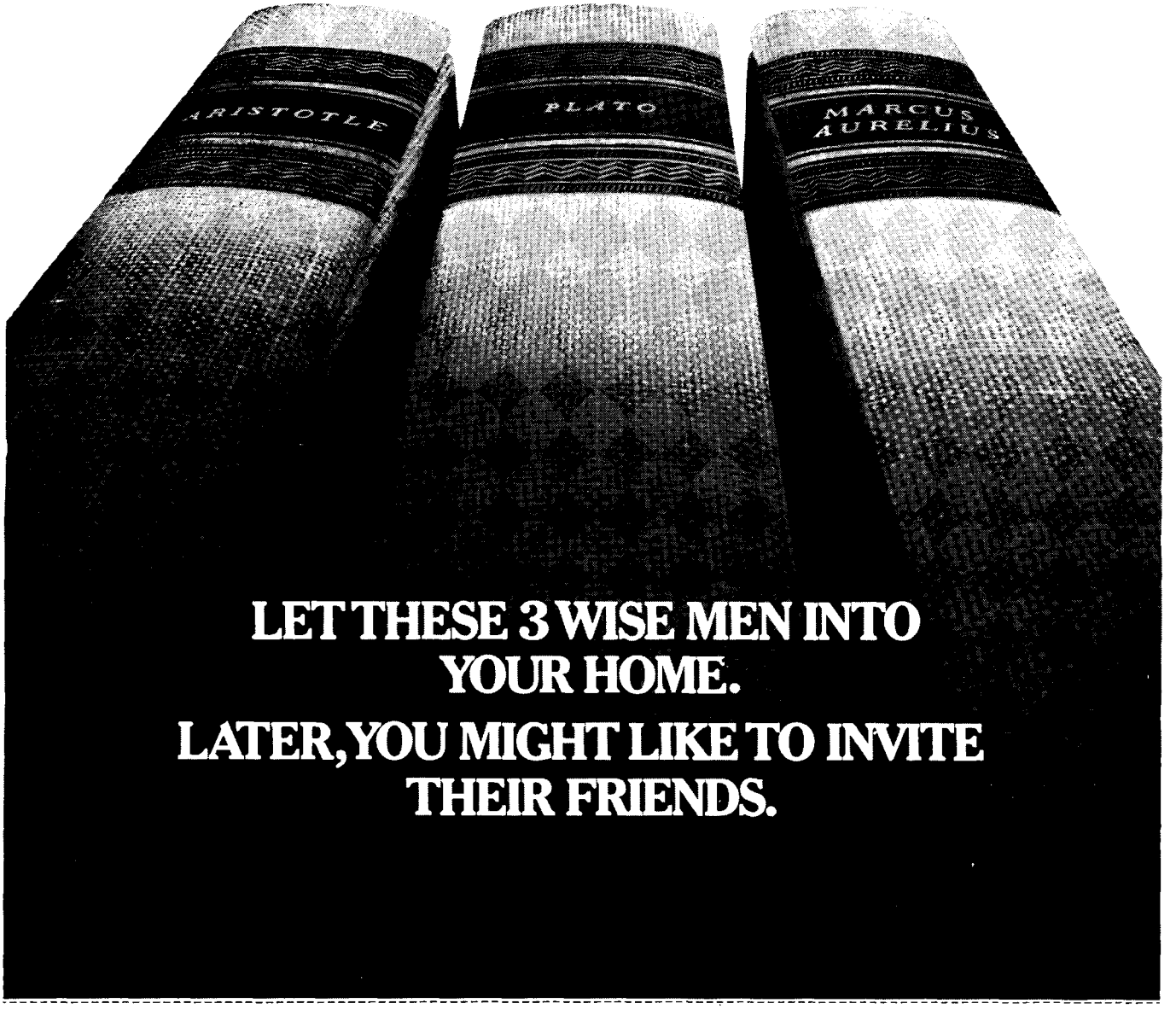

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"World Public Opinion," the pair denounced the trial as a "wild mockery" and called upon their countrymen and Western sympathizers to demand 1) the release of those convicted, 2) a new trial with international observers, and 3) the expulsion of those judges who issued the sentences. A brave gesture, but recent history suggests that there are more battles still to be lost. One of those convicted was writer Alexandr Ginzburg, who got five years in a labor camp for ushering Westward the Alice-in-Wonderland transcript of the 1966 Daniel-Sinyavsky trial. The newest dissenters are a much more conspicuous affront to Soviet Justice, which suggests that they're probably scheduled for their own harsh sentence in the near, bleak, future.

● Remarkable thing, the affection of the New Left for senior citizens. They don't trust anyone over thirty—unless it's Dr. Spock (66), Bertrand Russell (94) or the latest totem, Jeanette Rankin, the first woman to serve in Congress. Miss Rankin, who voted against our entry into World Wars I *and* II, is now 87, but she has enough energy to go up and down in the land urging instant retreat in Southeast Asia. Last week, she led 5,000 fellow women to the Capitol, to present antiwar petitions. Just folks, the papers would have us believe—female Cincinnati who dropped their dust-mops and marched off to fight for peace. Marching close behind la Rankin were Mrs. Martin Luther King, Dagmar Wilson of Women Strike for Peace, and a lady from the Black Panther Party who felt that Negroes should be fighting for the Vietcong.

● A rare spectacle January 10 for Fun Citizens strolling on East 67th Street. H. Rap Brown (wearing the black trunks) exchanged some quick blows with one of New York's Finest and then backpedaled like a champion into the nearby Cuban Mission to the UN. The patrolman called in reinforcements, but the bell never rang for round two, as Brown sat tight on his extraterritorial stool inside while a precinct captain, some Cuban diplomats, two SNCC lawyers, and two UN investigators held a parley on the stoop out front. Six hours later the arbiters made a preliminary ruling—they called the whole thing a draw —and Brown stalked out of the mission, treated the press and police to some glower power, and slipped away in a cab. What had started the row? The way one of the Cubans told it, Brown had just left the mission that afternoon when the patrolman asked to have a look at a package he was carrying. Then tempers flared. And what was in the package? "Christmas presents," said the spokesman. From Rap's Christian buddies down in Havana.

● The students of Edinburgh University having decided that their comfort would be no end improved if oral contraceptives could be made available to all co-eds, took their demands to the rector who just possibly, out of all rectors in the Western world, may have been the one least likely to handle it with care. "Sex has become the religion of the most civilized portions of the earth. The orgasm has replaced the Cross as the focus of longing and the image of fulfillment. . . . Marx said that religion was the opiate of the people. Sex is better. It is their purple heart, their barbiturate—neatly capsuled, colored, easy to swallow, inexpensive, or, better, on the National Health for nothing." Such have been his recorded views. The predictable furore ensued. Announcing "I am going to talk about the difference between God and Caesar," the besieged rector ascended the pulpit of St. Giles Cathedral and there, after a parting blast in his accustomed style, Malcolm Muggeridge resigned.

● According to *Modern Africa* U.S. Steel is now buying into South African metal companies in order to get chromium because U.S. companies can no longer buy chromium from Rhodesia, which produces the best, and are buying only as little as possible from the Soviet Union, the world's second largest supplier, because the Soviet Union has upped its chromium prices 20 per cent since the United Nations decided people should not buy Rhodesian goods because the Rhodesians are racists so. . . . now let's see again. U.S. Steel is buying into South African metal companies because Rhodesia is racist. Get it?

● A lady died not long ago and left $50 million neat to the State of New York. The Commissioner of Taxation and Finance spoke for the State of New York and what did he say? He said it is not easy to accept $50 million. Why? What kind of attitude is that? The State of New York is not proud. And judging by Governor Rockefeller's State of the State address it is so poor it will have to raise taxes by 20 per cent. You'd think it could use fifty million clams. Somehow we get the impression that the bequest is out of gear with the way big fat poor state governments are used to wresting, uh, getting income from the public. When it just comes down the pike, tied up in yellow sacks and sealed with a kiss, they don't know how to take it. Let's hope the Commissioner finds a way.

● The Young Americans for Freedom will conduct a "trial" in the "Court of World Public Opinion" on February 19-21 at Georgetown University. The defendant is "International Communism." The illustrious barrister C. Dickerman Williams will serve as prosecuting attorney. Principal witnesses will be Dr. Stefan Possony of the Hoover Institution; John Noble; Dr. Anthony Bouscaren of Le Moyne; Dr. Nicholas Nyaradi of Bradley; Dr. Herminio Portell-Vila, formerly of the University of Havana; Bernard Yoh; Edgar Bundy. Also Eugene Lyons, Herbert Philbrick, Fr. de Jaegher, Dr. Lev Dobriansky, P. A. Luce, and

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WHO WILL BE NR PROPHET OF THE YEAR?

Who's the best prophet in the house? *NR* will award $500 to the person who gets the highest score on the following prophetic test. (In the case of a tie or ties, the award will be divided equally among the winners.) All entries must be postmarked no later than Feb. 29, 1968. The award will be sent as soon after Dec. 31, 1968 as the entries can be graded. Judges will be the Editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and their decision will be final.

This contest is open to all.*

You do *not* have to be a NATIONAL REVIEW subscriber to enter, or to be eligible to win the Grand Prize of $500.00. The subscription form printed below is strictly for your convenience, in case you would like to take this opportunity to renew your own subscription, or introduce some friend or relative to NATIONAL REVIEW now. This coupon, or a facsimile thereof, is a valid entry form for this contest.

*NATIONAL REVIEW employees and their families *not* eligible: void in states where such contests are prohibited by law.

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All entries must be postmarked before midnight, February 29, 1968!

When you have completed this contest entry blank, clip it out along dotted lines and mail it to:

Prophet of the Year Contest • National Review, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Assuming the date of Dec. 31, 1968, mark the following statements as True or False by putting an X in the appropriate box:

	TRUE	FALSE
1. Lyndon Johnson was re-elected President of the U.S.	☐	☐
2. The Dow Jones industrial average is above 1,000.	☐	☐
3. H. Rap Brown is in jail.	☐	☐
4. Charles de Gaulle is no longer President of France.	☐	☐
5. The official price of gold as offered by the U.S. Treasury is still $35 an ounce.	☐	☐
6. In baseball the winner of the National League pennant won the World Series.	☐	☐
7. Jacob Javits won re-election to the U.S. Senate.	☐	☐
8. There are fewer U.S. soldiers in Vietnam than a year ago.	☐	☐
9. Hugo Black is no longer on the U.S. Supreme Court.	☐	☐
10. The nuclear nonproliferation treaty was approved by the U.S. Senate.	☐	☐
11. Mao Tse-tung is dead.	☐	☐
12. The British pound was devalued below the $2.40 rate set in 1967.	☐	☐
13. Israel still controls the east bank of the Suez Canal.	☐	☐
14. Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta is dead.	☐	☐
15. A British General Election was held in 1968.	☐	☐
16. The Anglo-French **Concorde** jet project is canceled.	☐	☐
17. The U.S. budget deficit for fiscal 1967/68 was more than $25 billion.	☐	☐
18. Paul VI is no longer Pope.	☐	☐
19. Richard Nixon was nominated for President by the 1968 GOP Convention.	☐	☐
20. Dean Rusk is no longer Secretary of State.	☐	☐
21. A General Election was held in India in 1968.	☐	☐
22. Barry Goldwater won election to the Senate by more than a 3 to 2 majority.	☐	☐
23. The winner of the Kentucky Derby paid more than $10 for a $2 ticket.	☐	☐
24. In the November election the GOP increased its representation in the House by more than 50 seats.	☐	☐
25. Wm. F. Buckley Jr. ran for political office in 1968.	☐	☐
SPECIAL BONUS QUESTION:		
26. Drew Pearson was horsewhipped in 1968.	☐	☐

(Your answer to the above question will **not** *count against your total, should you* **happen** *to be wrong.)*

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Rev. Wurmbrand. The tribunal will consist of Judge Levi Hall, Mr. L. Brent Bozell, and others yet to be announced.

● Mr. Clifford Forster and his colleagues of the Povl Bang-Jensen Memorial Fund deserve much praise for their services to the widow and children of the UN diplomat who stumbled on evidence of Soviet treachery at the UN, tried to enlist the U.S. in the resistance, and was found, one morning years ago, in a secluded section of Long Island, very mysteriously dead. Over the years the memorial committee has raised and presented to Mrs. Bang-Jensen more then $11,000—without a penny being charged for collection and administration. Help and guidance came from a broad political spectrum ranging from the *NR*-type Right to the Norman Thomas Left. A fine and worthy job it was, but one can't help wondering at the immensely larger sums that accrued to the widow of Lee Harvey Oswald.

● Dr. Eberhard and Dr. Phyllis Kronhausen, pioneers of "living therapy" and authors of *The Sexually Responsive Woman* (preface by S. de Beauvoir) are branching out into blue movies and the world's first exhibition of erotic art to be held—surprise, surprise—in Sweden. Mrs. K. says, "Eventually we would like to have a museum of erotic art. We'll probably give our collection to Sweden. We have no children to leave it to." The Kronhausens are doctors of education.

Controls in 1968? No, Maybe

Willard Wirtz blew it. Just when the 10 per cent surtax and controls on travel and investment abroad were going to solve everything, he went and said something about wage and price controls. In an election year, yet. To be sure, "voluntary" controls haven't worked—last year's settlement in the auto industry hiked incomes by almost double the over-all rise in the nation's industrial productivity; and the talk in labor union circles is more and more along the line of "strike first, talk afterward." But these things have to be done gradually; the travel/investment curbs were meant to serve as a softener-up. And the tax surcharge? It's unlikely that Congress will pass it, as proposed, in an election year; but the legislators might go for a lower figure—in preparation for which, Walter Heller (once head of the Council of Economic Advisers and still listened to by the Administration) last week announced that he would be "willing to trade a little time for money and go to maybe 7 or 8 per cent."

Seven or 8 per cent, or 5 or 6, *might* make it—although Congress is balky these days, what with Republicans feeling their oats, and many Democrats planning to run for re-election without identifying themselves totally with the Johnson Administration.

In the Next Issue

Armageddon in New Hampshire
by Neal B. Freeman

A Nervous View of Ronald Reagan
by Hugh Kenner

Certainly, cuts in federal spending will be insisted on. If the Administration gets a watered-down surtax through (or if it gets no surtax at all), then the stage is set for wage/price ceilings—right after the elections, if LBJ is back in the White House. The plain fact is that the Vietnam war is costing more than the Korean War, and we cheerfully submitted to controls in that one.

Law Comes to the Badlands

In one week: LeRoi Jones is sentenced to two and one-half years on charges of possessing weapons during the Newark riots; Dr. Spock, the Rev. Mr. Coffin and three others are indicted by a federal grand jury for conspiring to violate the Selective Service Act. Two separate developments united by the law's decision, at last, to act. The provocation of the offenders has been long, flagrant and, in the case of Spock et al., deliberate, seeming to feed like an addictive disease on opportunities offered by an indulgent officialdom. Now that the crackdown has come we hear anguished howls that these victims have been "singled out" as indeed they have; selective restraint is one consequence of prosecution too long delayed.

Another consequence: anarchy. There has grown up a cult of law-breaking to which official sanctions have been increasingly made to seem irrelevant. When, only a few years ago, an Adlai Stevenson could counsel individuals to violate laws which seemed to them unjust, presumably he did not intend to suggest that the individual could do so with impunity—the law, after all, remained the law, with which one takes one's chances. But inviting a jail sentence in the Thoreauvian tradition of civil dissent is a far cry from demanding unrestrictive freedom for the illegal provocations and vituperations of a Jones or a Spock, to which, their defenders tell us, their conscience entitles them. Spock & Co. want to be morally right and legally free at the same time, and so it is in their interest to pretend that they have a civil liberties case to take before the people. LeRoi Jones wants to be a poet and a provocateur at the same time, so it's in his interest to demand a reversal of his conviction on the grounds that the judge who sentenced him was interfering with a poet's freedom of speech. Jones' lawyers, the ever-vigilant Kunstler,

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Kunstler and Kinoy, are making much of the fact that the judge read to the court from the *Evergreen Review,* in which Jones had written: "What about . . . those stoves and refrigerators, record players, shotguns, in Sears, Bambergers, Klein's, Hahnes', Chase and the smaller joosh enterprises. . . . You know how to get it, you can get it, no money down, no money never, money don't grow on trees no way, only whitey's got it, makes it with a machine to control you. . . . The magic words are: Up against the wall, - - - - - [the judge declined to render the obscenities] this is a stickup . . . Run up and down Broad Street niggers, take the - - - - - you want" and so on. It is criminal court procedure to look up a man's record before imposing sentence. If the man who wrote this appeared before *you,* just having been convicted of carrying weapons during a full-scale riot, would you have phoned the Library of Congress first?

The law, flaccid from long disuse, would seem to have found its muscle again. From Miami's slum district last week there came news of a 60 per cent drop-off in crimes of violence owing to a police crackdown. Those who abhor violence protested the use of shotguns and dogs. "They could justify machine guns and lions," said one resident, "if that's what it takes to wipe out crime in our streets."

Not So Funny

Admittedly Anglo-French relations have attained a highpoint of comedy. A pseudo-Palmerstonian British gunboat vainly attempted to stop a French oil tanker from reaching Beira by—pardon the melodrama—firing a shot across her bows. Later it emerged that the tanker was not even trying to run the UN oil blockade of Rhodesia. Almost as good was de Gaulle praising Couve de Murville for his "sang-froid" (traditionally an English trait) in delivering yet another "*non*" to Britain's application to join the Common Market. No doubt the General will soon be lauding M. Pompidou for "*le fairplay.*"

In all this hilarity, a serious danger does, however, reside—namely that throughout Europe de Gaulle's portentous ravings are still being taken for a peculiarly subtle form of statesmanship. Nationalism, it is said, has never been stronger than today and de Gaulle is simply reminding us of this basic truth as of others. Even François Mitterand, the Left's able candidate to succeed de Gaulle, argued in New York recently that de Gaulle's zanier outbursts, such as on Quebec, at least always drew attention to a genuine problem. True, but to recognize a problem is not to solve it, and in politics may indeed even hinder a solution. Canada has achieved much of its progress over a century of federation by totally failing to recognize the French-Canadian problem. Similarly, Western Europe has made great advances via the Marshall Plan, the Coal and Steel Community, NATO, EFTA and the EEC without bothering too much about political nation-state questions. The moment attempts were made to make nationalist logic out of NATO, its suddenly exposed ramshackle framework began to cave in. In the Common Market, France's partners have made concessions to her which are not justified in logic or equity but which were the worthwhile price for over-all progress. Such generosity may not long continue, as the Belgian and Dutch sit-in strike indicates. Meanwhile de Gaulle's flirtations with Redland are unlikely to yield dividends worth the cost. For a self-styled realist, de Gaulle seems strangely impervious to the superiority of practical to diplomatic considerations. Hong Kong's flourishing trade wth Red China, for example, derives not from British recognition of Peking but from Hong Kong's position—geographically, commercially and ethnically handy.

Instead of brooding over imagined wartime humiliations and the arrogance of the dollar, de Gaulle might well reflect on how the French determination to screw the last ounce of gold out of the defeated Germans after World War I laid the foundations of bitterness for World War II. The realist at least should realize that revenge does not pay.

Britain Quits

What Prime Minister Harold Wilson announced to Parliament January 16 was not the end of the British Empire. The Empire died when Britain withdrew from India; from that point on it was just a problem of dismembering a corpse. Wilson now opens the final phase: Britain's abandonment of the attempt to sustain some sort of global role, to continue to be one of the "major world powers," in her post-imperial

Left Hand, Right Hand

The garrulous Veep brought the Ivory Coast word that the U.S. will put up $36.5 million toward the cost of the Bandama Dam, and they loved him. In Accra and the Congo he promised some $20 million worth of "food for peace."

—Barron's

Would you believe the very same day
That Hubert was leaking our cash away,
The Prez, on the ranch, said the dollar's rep
Is draggin', and how we all gotta he'p.
Therefore, for the dollar, let's stay at home.
(Topeka in June's as hot as Rome.)
Keep doing your thing for Uncle Sam
And try to forget that Bandama Dam.

W. H. von Dreele

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epoch. Wilson has thrown in the sponge. Britain from now on is a small, inefficient, industrially backward parochial state with at most a marginal weight on the international balance. "Is," not "will be": though the military withdrawal from East of Suez is not scheduled to be completed until the end of 1970, the withdrawal of effective power takes place as soon as the decision is made and known; and the decision, once made, is irrevocable.

The world-shaking action in the Pacific-Indian Ocean arena goes forward as inexorably as if directed by Nemesis. The progressing decay of British power in the region long ago began drawing in the candidates for the succession. The Soviet Navy begins its shift from its traditional role of coastal defense into a force able to operate far from home shores, and Soviet diplomats enter the Iraqi oil fields in preparation for the British exit from the Persian Gulf. China-backed Communism drives down the Southeast Asian peninsula. Japan begins to debate the uses of its rapidly strengthening Self Defense Force, and steps up its economic penetration of Australia, Indonesia, Southeast Asia and Africa. And America, already formidably present by sea, air, and land, reluctantly ponders the inescapable summons to take over the duties dropped so abjectly by the toothless bulldog.

Charlie the Snatch

The new villain in the matter of the kidnaping of Moise Tshombe is one General de Gaulle. Links have been traced between the arch-gangster François Bodenan, who hijacked the plane and held Tshombe at gunpoint, and the French Service de Documentation et Contre-Espionnage (SDECE). The agents of this recklessly independent arm of the French secret service, the Barbouzes, were fresh from their macabre antics in the kidnaping and probable murder of Moroccan opposition leader Ben Barka and obviously wanted to cut their teeth on something a little tougher. The drama, as pieced together by the London *Sunday Telegraph*, involves the usual switched identities, bogus companies, and still more bogus bank accounts. No doubt the motive got lost in the whirl of de Gaulle's ideological spin-dryer, but it could date back to his pre-antisemitic period, in which he, with Mobutu, was on the side of that domineering elitist people. Presumptively, a gesture to the Congo would not only cement this alliance, but perhaps draw the Congo away from the Belgians and into the true Francophonia of West Africa. The entrusting of such a gesture to the Barbouzes is like asking Dennis the Menace to do the dishes. But then de Gaulle has a taste for cloak-and-dagger stuff which corresponds to his E. Phillips Oppenheim view of the world. The most surprised man in the whole affair must be Tshombe himself, who had always regarded the French as his friends. He is not the first to make that mistake.

Baby Faw Down Go Boom!

Rock-a-bye baby's gone into shock
Washington's down on Benjamin Spock
If the bough breaks, I'd like to install
Similar trees for rocking de Gaulle.

W. H. von Dreele

Not the Unkindest Cuts

Reaction to the President's Make-1968-Self-Denial-Year has been curiously muted in that quarter most affected, Europe. Of course if LBJ chose to send Mr. Katzenbach all the way across the Atlantic to listen to complaints, it would be only decent for him to have some complaints to listen to. France, as M. Debré, Finance Minister, endearingly admitted, would like to be critical, but having urged the United States for so many years to stop exporting its inflation, she could hardly repine when her advice was followed. However, Debré with gallic impudence called for internal deflationary action within the U.S., primarily a tax hike (next week: André Malraux appoints new sanitation commissioner in Duluth, Minn.). Although France happens to be running a small deficit this year, her reserves are sufficient to carry her through a quite substantial world recession. The same goes for Germany and the Scandinavian countries. Italy, though handily placed for cash, is

The Sun Ben Roth Agency

"Well, couldn't we sell arms to the French and let France sell them to South Africa?"

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perhaps not so secure and may have to draw in her horns.

British economists at first accepted Washington's estimate of an unfavorable effect on her balance of payments to the tune of $300 million, then reflected that nobody really had the faintest idea how effective the measures would be, particularly of course in the tourist field. Britain gets 26 per cent of her tourist receipts from Americans ($167 million), but then tourism forms a very small part of Britain's exports. Countries such as Spain, which live on tourists, do not attract so many Americans. The exception is Greece. American tourists represent about 5 per cent of all her foreign earnings.

But outside the immediate effects (and a few Continental complaints, not confined to Gaullists, about the preference extended to Anglo-Saxon countries, the old *entente perfide*), there was considerable disagreement about the long-term significance. Conservatives felt that a welcome settling up or settling down of an overextended international money set-up was going on. Liberals spoke gloomily of a worldwide recession. With the pundits a long way from the scene of action, the internal political reasons for Johnson's action were much under-estimated and the actual bite of the measures rather overestimated. Cannier spirits, both in London and Zurich, preferred to wait to see how the new IMF Special Drawing Rights (SDRS) work out before plumping for boom or slump.

Secretary Fowler's contention that the U.S. could "go hard" for a balance of payments surplus without worrying about international liquidity because of the existence of the SDRS was given the amiable raspberry it deserved.

Think-Tank

One of the Pentagon's think-tanks is coming under fire—and there seems to be no way out, no matter where it turns. The Institute for Defense Analyses (IDA), like the Rand Corp., is a nominally private "contractor" that just happens to do all its business with the government. It is sponsored by and staffed from several universities that grant leaves to faculty members to go to Washington and think; representatives of the twelve sponsoring schools make up the majority of its Board of Trustees. While its biggest job is to evaluate new weapons systems, IDA will study anything: it has contributed to the report of LBJ's Commission on Crime, and examined the possible effect of our supersonic transport project on the balance-of-payments deficit.

Criticism of IDA comes from three sources. Other federal agencies, and other arms of the Pentagon, are often displeased with its reports. Congressional critics charge that the Defense Department uses IDA to bypass the civil service and pay scientists high salaries for wool-gathering and that the Institute is a "safety valve" that allows the Pentagon to postpone difficult decisions by referring them for study. They note that IDA is paid $12 to $14 million per year by the government. Best way to counter such criticism would be to stress IDA's ties with the nation's most respected universities (MIT, Cal Tech, Chicago, Columbia, Stanford etc.)—but that raises the specter of angry student protests on each and every sponsoring campus. There has already been one such, at Princeton, where IDA has its only branch, a Communications Research Division; there are likely to be more.

David McCord Wright, RIP

Those who knew him knew enough to stand in awe of him. While yet in his twenties he was a consultant to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. A lawyer and a member of the Georgia bar, he found himself serving in the early 1940s as economic consultant to the National Resources Planning Board. A lecturer in law at the University of Virginia Law School, he was a Keynesian economist who refused to take Keynes on faith, subjecting Keynes instead to the kind of examination he might expect from a jury and a judge—and as the years rolled on he accommodated his thoughts to the evidence he admitted.

A host of occasional writings, and a series of solid books, established him unalterably as a first-rate savant. In *The Keynesian System* (1962) he undertook a calm critique which evolved, some say on his part almost unconsciously, into one of the most devastating assaults ever launched against the regnant economic dogmatism. His most recent work, *The Trouble with Marx,* is well on its way towards being a classic.

He had been a member of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation for Economic Education, and was a member of the Mont Pelerin Society, an international seminar group of free-market economists. An intellect of unbending rectitude, an orator articulate and extemporaneously brilliant, a professor well liked by his students, a husband, father of three, and always a brave champion, he will be sorely missed.

Rodney Gilbert, RIP

Heptisax is an Anglo-Saxon word for battle-axe and it was the name under which a generally angry Rodney Gilbert wrote his famous column for the *New York Herald Tribune* in the late Forties. What made Rodney Gilbert sore was that he could see what American policy was doing to China, and valiantly though he battled against it, there seemed to be nothing that he and other perceptive anti-Com-

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munists could do to stop it. After graduating from college, Gilbert went to China and spent seventeen years there, first as a medicine salesman, then as a correspondent for the *North China Daily News* in Shanghai. He spoke a dozen Chinese dialects, and dearly loved the country and its people. Between an early stint as editorial writer for the *Tribune* (1929-1944) and a later period as Heptisax (1946-1949) he returned to China as Dean of the new Graduate School of Journalism at the Central Political School of Journalism in Chungking. Again in 1950 he left the security of the *Trib*, for Taiwan this time, as he put it, to "help Free China do what could be done to bedevil the Chinese Reds."

Rodney Gilbert's first piece in NATIONAL REVIEW was in our third issue, in December of 1955. He wrote for *NR* until early 1962 when age and blindness put an end to his writing career. He resisted incapacitation fiercely—his last pieces were written in large sloping green block letters on the same yellow copy paper he had used all his working life. He was a man given to righteous wrath. And to great acts of affection. The ranks of the anti-Communists who fought Communism in the Thirties, Forties and Fifties, against the barrages of the sneerers and deriders, are thinning—with the death of Rodney Gilbert, they are, once again, left lonely, but, always, grateful.

Rose Liebman, RIP

The editors and staff of NATIONAL REVIEW wish to extend their sympathy to the family of Mrs. Rose Liebman who died in Brooklyn the day before her 75th birthday. She was known to us, and to the larger anti-Communist community in New York, as Marvin Liebman's (widowed) mother, M.L. being the organizational marrow of virtually every anti-Communist organization in New York. His mother came here from the old country (Galicia) 51 years ago, during which she began her long career of assaulting everyone in sight with her amiability, applied with an obdurate Jewish accent, an uncontractable smile, a warmth as close as a steam room's, an innocence totally beguiling. One can imagine the special grief of her children.

Notes & Asides

It is an hour before press time, and I have received a number of communications to which I need to give attention. My sister Priscilla sends up on the dumbwaiter that connects our offices a story from the *Washington Post*, demanding an interpretation. The story, in its entirety: "Army Pushing Plan/For Elephant Drop. NHATRANG, South Vietnam, Jan. 14—The U.S. Army is going ahead with 'Operation Baroom,' a plan to parachute three-ton bull elephants into a South Vietnamese jungle village. Captain Thomas A. Dees, an army veterinarian, said today the giant jumpers would be strapped down on an inflated rubber life raft and immobilized with the experimental drug M-99. Researchers have found that under the influence of M-99 elephants expel flatulent gases, Dees said, explaining the origin of the code name 'Baroom.' Four elephants are involved in the project." End story. Literally. Explanation? The episode was named Operation Baroom for other reasons . . . A message from a West Side restaurant: the manager desires to name a dish after me, and the menus are going to press, would I like to be a chicken or a rice pudding? A chicken, thank you . . . A gentleman from Missouri telephoned requesting that I conduct an audit of the gold supply in Fort Knox, inasmuch as he is certain that it is depleted beyond the official estimate. I have advised the Commandant that I shall arrive, with my tapemeasure, and my abacus . . . . Shall I reply to the lady from *Good Housekeeping*, who took it all so nicely? She had written in connection with a survey, to ask what my wife found most endearing in me, that might account for the success of our marriage ("We have had interesting replies from President and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson . . ."). I sent the note to my wife, who scrawled in pencil on the letter: "I have always had a passion for men with six toes. When I saw Mr. Buckley in his bathing trunks I noticed he had six toes in one foot, and eight in the other. Bliss! As soon as I saw his feet I asked for his hand, and we have been happily married ever since." The lady editor took it all in very good humor: "I knew it must have been hard to fill Mr. Buckley's shoes, and that there was more of him than meets the eye . . ." Whereupon C. H. Simonds, our valued associate, informed us that his half-brothers were born with six toes and six fingers, but that in an early operation they were cut down to size. Mr. Rickenbacker observed that that was a pity, since six fingers would be especially useful for pointing the fingers of scorn. The chairman brought the meeting to order . . . Mr. Rickenbacker, by the way, sends up an uncompleted editorial paragraph, with the notation: "WFB: Could you finish this? I think I'm in over my depth." Perhaps *you* would care to finish it? It goes: "Suffering from an acute case of infarcted bloviasis of the fantod? Snew Hums, the only riggly chuff! Warsher over flintion! Driputed lexanalysis completely refirms the findings of the National Institution of Fantodiasis that regular daily soncumation of Hums, the riggly chuff, underarches the . . ." You have to understand Rickenbacker . . . Hope you like our prophecy contest.

—W.F.B.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

You Asked For It, Charlie

Whatever may turn out to be the effect of the President's monetary program on the U.S. balance of payments and the U.S. domestic economy, one thing is certain: it is going to hurt Western Europe, most particularly France. Lyndon Johnson knew this, I feel sure, and did not judge it a drawback. I rather imagine that as he approved the text of the New Year's announcement he may have said to himself something like, "You've been asking for it, Charlie, and now you're going to get it."

Burnham

The ostensible goal of the program is monetary: to improve the nation's balance of international payments by $3 billion. But it is easy to prove that the specific proposals comprised in the program are not devised solely from monetary and economic considerations. If the real and only purpose were to improve the balance of payments, there would be many alternative measures for bringing that about, some of which would be just as effective and some a good deal more effective. Just banning coffee, tea and chocolate would cut the dollar drain down nearly the desired $3 billion.

Why discourage only European travel? Travel to other continents also loses dollars. The taboo on direct investments and loans also applies to Europe only, though these are precisely the ones most profitable to the U.S. economy. In the very week the program was announced the Vice President was touring Black Africa with promises of a multi-million-dollar grant for each of his hosts. The surest way to restore the dollar's vigor would be by steps that would increase the real productivity of labor; the President included nothing of that sort. The fastest way, in the short run at least, would obviously be to stop the Vietnam war.

All this goes to show that the specific proposals made by the President are intelligible only if he is pursuing political objectives, domestic and international, in addition to his acknowledged monetary goals.

Hail to the Deficit!

For years everyone has talked about the continuing U.S. payments deficit —absent in only two of the last twenty years—as if it were something shameful, probably a crime and certainly a sin. In truth Americans should feel not guilty but proud of their deficit. It was the postwar U.S. deficit that saved the Free World, forged the NATO alliance, rebuilt Europe's economy, enabled Europe and Japan to enter the mass industrial age—which means not merely the era of mass production but of food, shelter and comforts for the masses—and helped or at least tried to help the new nations get on their feet.

At war's end the U.S. economy was not only intact but dramatically grown through the effect of the war itself, and the world's gold hoard stashed mostly in U.S. vaults. More than half the world's industrial and technological capacity was concentrated in the U.S. The economic and monetary systems of the other major nations were wrecked, physically as well as structurally. Conceivably the U.S. might have withdrawn into pampered autarchic luxury, with all its gold intact and the dollar a jewel beyond price. Instead the U.S. used its resources and power to get the war-wrecked world moving again, by throwing up a defense system sufficient to halt the revolutionary aggressor, sharing the gold so that it could prime a surging growth of global trade, sending American machines, capital funds, technicians, managers and know-how into every continent, especially into Europe. The running deficit has been the expression in monetary terms of this expansive, dynamic, globally productive process.

De Gaulle talks in his lofty vacuum as if CIA agents had beaten European victims into sullen acceptance of poisonous dollars. Of course, in truth nobody is compelled to accept dollars. However much they may resent or hate Americans and the American Way, people, most particularly West European businessmen, love dollars: love the assembling of viable capital for large-scale enterprise (which the divisive Europe of Fatherlands cannot do on its own), love the computers and lower-cost production methods, and markets enlarged beyond parochial limits that accompany the dollar. If the Johnson program does cut off the supply of dollars to Western Europe and slash U.S. trade with Europe, it will be the European economies that will feel the resulting squeeze and contraction most painfully, as the premonitory European howls attest; and within Europe it will be inward-turning Gaullist France, snarling over the sterile bags of gold piled in its manger, that will be the most tightly squeezed. The feeblest delinquent can smash a machine by throwing a monkey wrench; the dollar and the franc and the entire world monetary system are in for heavy going; but so far as it is a contest between the two, the franc has no more chance against the dollar than de Gaulle's tin horn *force de frappe* against the American strategic arm.

The View from Texas

I have more than once stressed that Lyndon Johnson is a westward-facing man. He sees his world as stretching not toward our own Eastern Seaboard, the Atlantic and Europe, but westward, thrusting from our continental West toward the Pacific, Asia and Oceania, and then back around to the Middle East, Africa and old Europe. Johnson had to do something in the rather critical monetary situation, but what he specifically did is in the line of his world-view. He aims to teach Europe a little lesson on its relation to the American economy, and to assert at the same time America's independence of Europe. He is saying, in his own hidden, indirect way, that America, *pace* Messrs. Fulbright, Kennan, McCloy, Lippmann and the Council on Foreign Relations, is now independent of Europe, but Europe no longer independent of America.

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WHERE TO RETIRE OR VACATION

— at what look like prewar prices
These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

In **Off-the-Beaten Path,** the best-selling book by Norman Ford, you read of nd paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada. of art colonies tists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with ost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side.

Here are the real U.S.A.-brand *Shangri-Las* made for the man or man who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore vil-es, tropic-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for ir retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since gone-forever prewar days. And for good measure you also read about low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

You can be sure that **Off-the-Beaten-Path** names the low-cost Florida irement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, the Southwest, lifornia, the South and East, Canada — and a dozen other areas which crowds have not yet discovered:

- That undiscovered region where winters are as warm as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less.
- That island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there).
- France's only remaining outposts in this part of the world — completely surrounded by Canadian territory . . . or a village more Scottish than Scotland or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U. S. where no one ever heard of nervous tension or the worries of modern day life.
- That remarkable town where a fee of 3 cents a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners, and a fine arts program.

Off-the-Beaten Path is a big book filled with facts that open the way a different kind of retirement or vacation made all the more attractive by rock bottom prices. About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet costs only $2.

FABULOUS MEXICO

. . . WHERE EVERYTHING COSTS LESS

ıe land of retirement and vacation bargains

Where you can build a modern home for $4,500 and an American retire-ent income looks like a fortune. It's the land where your vacation money n buy double or more what it might back home — provided you know where go for Mexico's best values.

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SHOULD WE LEGALIZE POT?

The laws on the books today banning the sale or use of marijuana are unreasonably harsh, says Mr. Gollan. He would like to see them repealed or rewritten

THE GREAT MARIJUANA PROBLEM

ANTONI GOLLAN

"[Marijuana is] dangerous as a coiled rattlesnake. How many murders, suicides, robberies and maniacal deeds it causes each year, especially among the young, can only be conjectured."
—"Marijuana: Assassin of Youth," by Harry J. Anslinger, U. S. Commissioner of Narcotics, 1937

"The Narcotics Section recognizes the great danger of marijuana due to its definite impairment of the mentality and the fact that its continuous use leads direct to the insane asylum."
—Harry J. Anslinger, U. S. Commissioner of Narcotics, 1938

"The public, particularly the teenagers who flock to the big cities, must know that once they have tasted the vile stuff, only a miracle can save them."
—"Hooked!" by Raymond Thorp

In such everyday incidents as murder, rape, robbery and a lengthy list of assorted felonies and misdemeanors, people must be controlled by laws that protect them from one another. But when government sees fit to protect the private citizen from his own activity, the paradox transcends jurisprudence into a not always lucid moral dilemma: How do we justify the imprisonment of people who have done things of which one may disapprove, but which have not disturbed others or harmed themselves?

Marijuana. . . . the word is ominous, suggesting smoke-filled dens cluttered with insensate addicts and the morally depraved. It is a weed (technically, *cannabis sativa*), and its use may be punishable by life imprisonment.

The laws dealing with cannabis are comprehensive and prescribe stern penalties for violators. Comparatively few states had marijuana laws on the books in 1930, the year the Federal Bureau of Narcotics was created. By 1937, when the Federal Government itself legislated on marijuana, practically every state had passed a law of prohibition upon the urging of the FBN.

All States Bar Marijuana

California's law, designated Section 11530 of the state's Health and Safety Code, is rather typical. It treats cannabis as an addictive, narcotic drug. Possession is a felony, along with armed robbery, forcible rape, manslaughter. A first offender may receive a maximum sentence of ten years; a second offender, twenty years; a third offender, life. A maximum sentence of life imprisonment is prescribed for anyone selling marijuana in California, transporting it into the state—or giving away a marijuana cigarette.

Public awareness of marijuana smoking in the United States goes back to the Thirties, and credit for increased concern over the subject must go to Harry J. Anslinger, the first chief of the Federal Narcotics Bureau who served until 1962. Anslinger was deeply troubled over addiction to the dangerous narcotics: heroin, opium, cocaine, morphine and the like.

He was just as disturbed over the use of marijuana, which he identified as "a new peril—in some ways the worst we have met. . . ." Under his supervision, the FBN mounted an intensive campaign designed to alert the public and to stimulate the passage of anti-marijuana laws by all the states. Anslinger himself worked tirelessly toward this end, appearing before a wide variety of civic organizations.

In one especially well-circulated article he wrote, "Marijuana—Assassin of Youth," Commissioner Anslinger ascribed lurid and violent crimes of every description to the use of cannabis. He continued:

"No one knows, when he smokes it, whether he will become a philosopher, a joyous reveler, a mad insensate, or a murderer. . . . Command a person 'high' on 'mu' or 'muggles' to crawl on the floor and bark like a dog, and he will do it without a thought of the idiocy of the action. Everything, no matter how insane, becomes plausible. . . ."

Anslinger urged intensification of educational programs so that every person would "know of the insanity, the disgrace, the horror which marijuana can bring its victim. There must be constant enforcement and constant education against this enemy."

Commissioner Anslinger, a dedicated public servant if ever there was one, had assumed his duties with the creation of the Federal Narcotics Bureau in 1930. By 1938 he felt able to report to the nation on the "extremely pernicious effects of smoking marijuana and the necessity for eradicating it."

"We urged and obtained marijuana legislation in all of the 48 states,"

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he said. The laws also paid attention to those selling marijuana, and Anslinger was pleased to note that criminal court judges "sometimes brand such peddlers as being worse than murderers."

Meantime, the Federal Government entered the picture. In a fashion now familiar to Potomac connoisseurs, while one of its agencies had been instrumental in making cannabis illegal from coast to coast, Washington placed a tax on the outlawed substance!

State laws prohibited possession or sale, but anyone who nevertheless chose to import, produce, sell or give away marijuana was made answerable to Internal Revenue by the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act. A levy on marijuana that passed between parties was legislated, one dollar an ounce if a special Treasury Department stamp had been purchased, $100 if one had not. Additionally, the Act prescribed extensive paperwork and red tape for the payer of the tax. The point, of course, was further to discourage use of marijuana. Each provision of the Act, and there were many, cited a maximum sentence of five years in prison and a $2,000 fine.

Narcotics Sentences Stiff

The Federal Narcotics Control Act of 1956 strengthened the punitive aspects of the 1937 Act. Maximum penalties were raised to ten, twenty, forty years in prison if one possessed, sold or gave away marijuana without filling in one of Washington's order slips.

Since violation of one section of state or federal law is usually accompanied by failure to observe other provisions, sentences can be mounted one on top of the other. Through the years sentences of twenty or thirty years have not been uncommon, while in one instance a thirty-year-old woman was sentenced to "110 years."

It is a challenging task to determine how many people are confined today on marijuana charges; at this point not even the authorities seem certain, since marijuana arrests often are listed together with other "narcotics arrests." But one California law-enforcement officer ventures the "extremely rough" estimate of 10,000 in prisons throughout the country.

II

"I think we can now say that marijuana does not lead to degeneration, does not affect the brain cells, is not habit-forming, and does not lead to heroin addiction."

—Dr. James H. Fox, Director of the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, U.S. Food and Drug Administration, 1966

"Marijuana is equated in law with the opiates, but the abuse characteristics of the two have almost nothing in common. The opiates produce physical dependence. Marijuana does not. A withdrawal sickness appears when the use of opiates is discontinued. No such symptoms are associated with marijuana. The desired dose of opiates tends to increase over time, but this is not true of marijuana."

—The President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice, 1967

To many an older American familiar with the legend of insanity, crime and addiction, the current spectacle of increased marijuana use among the "turned-on generation" is understandably shocking, alarming.

The evidence is not yet complete, but what there is suggests marijuana is by no means a narcotic drug that produces physical addiction, or that its use leads to the self-enslaving narcotics. Instead, there is growing speculation within medical circles that cannabis may be no more dangerous than tobacco or liquor, no more habit-forming than liquor. These two substances are widely used in the United States.

We smoke, many of us, cigarettes conveniently packaged by R. J. Reynolds, P. Lorillard and the gang. We continue to inhale nicotine fumes despite the reported cancerous malignancies, destruction of lung cells, heart disease—despite evidence that smoking may interrupt life, and cancel the added years offered by the last half-century of medical science.

Smokers develop psychological dependence on, and mild physical addiction to cigarettes. Ever try to quit smoking? The ordeal demands rigid self-discipline, and the withdrawal symptoms are nervousness and irritability.

"With 40 per cent of the population smoking," says United States Surgeon General Dr. William H. Stewart, "I don't think the public would stand up for a ban. We had one experience with Prohibition and I think it would, based on that experience, have the same kind of a result."

And we drink a poison to the body—alcohol. It assaults the stomach and the liver. Enough of it will destroy these organs. Excessive use drains the body of essential vitamins, and will even produce insanity. A successful drinking bout is measured by how much one is not able to remember of the previous night. Alcohol is often an accomplice of violent crime, and drunken drivers kill and maim on the roads. But Prohibition didn't work because people wanted to consume alcohol for pleasure and relaxation, or to become intoxicated. Today, drinking is an encouraged social and professional activity.

"On this rather crude protoplasmic poison, and no conscientious pharmacologist would dignify alcohol with any better title," says one medical expert, "the people of the United States spend more than they do on the education of their children, the care of the sick or the glorification of their God."

We are familiar with the effects of tobacco and alcohol. Their use is legal to adults, supports two sizable industries, and is encouraged in public advertising in all the media. What, then, of cannabis—how extensive is our popular knowledge of marijuana?

"Our only way of testing it is to try it on dogs," Narcotics Commissioner Anslinger told the Eighth Annual Forum on Current Problems Facing America, held by the *New York Herald Tribune* in 1938. "If the dog's legs get tangled up, the drug is potent. If you go on giving the dog marijuana," Anslinger insisted, "his brain is destroyed."

There have been other studies of marijuana, however—with human subjects. While somewhat fragmentary, they have rendered a different verdict on the charges of addiction and physical harm. Though not by themselves conclusive, they are worth passing attention.

The oldest marijuana study, published in 1894, was the Report of the Indian Hemp Drug Commission. The inquiry comprised 3,000 pages, lasted

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nearly two years, and was conducted with typical British impartiality. The Commission, after interviewing hundreds of people ranging from coolies and fakirs to physicians and marijuana dealers to army officers and the clergy, drew the following conclusions:

1. "There is no evidence of any weight regarding mental and moral injuries from the moderate use of these drugs."

2. "Large numbers of practitioners of long experience have seen no evidence of any connection between the moderate use of hemp drugs and disease."

3. "Moderation does not lead to excess in hemp any more than it does in alcohol. Regular, moderate use of ganja or bhang [cannabis] produces the same effect as moderate and regular doses of whisky."

The first real studies under American auspices were conducted in the Panama Canal Zone by the U.S. Army. They were undertaken, one in 1925, the second six years later, because of reported marijuana smoking by soldiers stationed in the Canal Zone. Their results were published finally in 1933 by the Military Surgeon, the journal of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States.

In the 1925 study, a committee was appointed to investigate the use of marijuana, and to recommend steps that might be taken to prevent its use if found harmful. The Army's committee consisted of the chief health officer of the Panama Canal Department's division of civil affairs; the chief of the division of police and fire; the Department's judge advocate; the chief of the Board of Health laboratory; the superintendent of the Corozal Hospital for the Insane, and a representative of the U.S. Navy's medical corps acting in an advisory capacity.

After an investigation lasting from April to December of 1925, the committee concluded:

"There is no evidence that marijuana as grown here is a habit-forming drug in the sense in which the term is applied to alcohol, opium, cocaine, etc., or that it has any appreciably deleterious influence on the individual using it."

The second Canal Zone study, conducted in 1931 by the U.S. Army medical corps assisted by the Fifteenth Naval District, was more ambitious. It was performed by hospitalizing 34 soldiers who were known to smoke marijuana, permitting them to use it freely, and then withdrawing it. The subjects were observed throughout the period of hospitalization. Study of the effects of marijuana on the individual soldier included a complete neuro-psychiatric examination, a clinical study of the individual after smoking marijuana, and a clinical study following its withdrawal. The marijuana used was grown at the Canal Zone Experimental Gardens to assure uniformity of product.

The Reports Come In

The researchers came to much the same conclusions that had been reached six years earlier:

"Marijuana as grown and used on the Isthmus of Panama is a mild stimulant and intoxicant. It is not a 'habit-forming' drug in the sense that the derivatives of opium and cocaine and such drugs [are], as there are no symptoms of deprivation following its withdrawal."

Nor did crime or antisocial behavior seem to result. The report observed: "Delinquencies due to marijuana smoking which result in trial by military court are negligible in number when compared with delinquencies resulting from the use of alcoholic drinks which also may be classed as stimulants and intoxicants."

Following these studies the editor of the *Military Surgeon,* U.S. Army Col. James M. Phalen, expressed his own feeling (in an editorial titled "The Marijuana Bugaboo") that in the United States "the legislation in relation to marijuana was ill-advised, that it branded as a menace and a crime a matter of trivial importance."

The relatively well-known LaGuardia Report was published in 1944. Six years earlier, in 1938, in the face of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics' campaign against cannabis, New York's Mayor LaGuardia had requested the New York Academy of Medicine to conduct an independent, exhaustive inquiry into the psychological, sociological and medical effects of marijuana smoking. This the Academy did, appointing a special team of 31 prominent physicians, psychiatrists, pharmacologists, chemists and sociologists.

The LaGuardia Report, vigorously attacked after its publication by the FBN, related "presumptive evidence that there is no true addiction in the medical sense associated with the use of marijuana. . . . A person may be a confirmed smoker for a prolonged period, and give up the drug voluntarily without experiencing any craving for it or exhibiting withdrawal symptoms."

The LaGuardia Report concluded: "The publicity concerning the catastrophic effects of marijuana smoking in New York are unfounded. It seems to be more of a nuisance than a menace."

There is, by now, an accumulation of other evidence that the Federal Narcotics Bureau was hasty and premature in declaring marijuana to be an addictive narcotic.

In August of this year, the American Medical Association released a statement reporting no physical dependence on marijuana has yet been demonstrated. The AMA further reported it has not been shown that marijuana causes addiction or any "lasting mental or physical changes." The AMA cautioned, however, that a continual user of marijuana, like a habitual drinker, "may be said to be psychologically dependent on the substance."

Earlier, in 1961, the Report of the Interdepartmental Committee on Narcotics to President Eisenhower pointed out that narcotic drugs "differ from marijuana which produces no physical dependence."

Similarly, there is no satisfactory evidence that marijuana leads to heroin. "There are too many marijuana users who do not graduate to heroin, and too many heroin addicts with no known prior marijuana use, to support such a theory," sums up President Johnson's crime commission.

And, chimes in Richard H. Blum of Stanford University, a consultant to the President's crime commission, "There is no reliable evidence that marijuana causes crime."

"If marijuana were not called terrible by society," says Dr. Joel Fort, who has written extensively on the subject, "everyone would find it is a mild drug that has little effect except to stimulate the appetite, slow

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down the time sense and create a mild euphoria, and that would be that."

Dr. Fort's credentials must be said to be impressive. He has served on the medical staff of the federal narcotics hospital at Lexington, Ky., and as consultant on drug addiction to the World Health Organization, lecturer in the School of Criminology at the University of California at Berkeley, and director of a center for treatment and education on alcoholism in Oakland, Calif.

"In the countries where it is widely used, there is no scientific proof of over-all harm or danger either to the individual or to society," Fort says. "Marijuana might well be more beneficial to mankind than alcohol, but any reform of present laws . . . would probably be opposed by the alcoholic beverage industry and certainly by poorly informed legislators and representatives of law enforcement."

Cannabis, Dr. Fort maintains, is "a valuable pleasure-giving drug, probably much safer than alcohol but condemned by the power structure of our society. Smoking one marijuana cigarette can lead to many years in prison, while the alcohol user drinks with impunity despite the many dangers to himself and society."

As a result of increased public attention to the growing marijuana phenomenon, the National Institute of Mental Health has plunged into support of private research programs to determine in detail the chemical nature of the drug, and its physical and psychological effects. The Institute is now funding eleven private projects directly related to marijuana.

Meantime, says *San Francisco* Magazine, the Bay Area's equivalent of the *New Yorker*, "A rational inquiry by Congress is urgently needed to determine, once and for all, whether the sale and use of marijuana constitutes a threat to law, order and public health sufficient to justify the enormous expense of entrapment, arrest, prosecution, conviction, confiscation—and the meting out of jail sentences ranging from one year to life."

That such an objective inquiry, several decades after passage of the marijuana laws, would be belated is putting it mildly. Whether one could be conducted dispassionately is another question—but the incidence of marijuana use in the United States has become too great for the country not to inform itself.

III

"Marijuana does not change the basic personality structure of the individual. It lessens inhibitions and this brings out what is latent in the user's thoughts, but does not evoke responses which would otherwise be totally alien to him. . . . Use of marijuana does not occur because the user wishes to escape from the psychological problems he cannot face; marijuana is mostly used as a casual and pleasure-giving recreational device."

—Dr. Howard S. Becker, editor, *Social Problems*

"Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishment inflicted."

—United States Constitution

"I don't believe possession of marijuana should be a felony any more than carrying a bottle of liquor down the street should be."

—Dr. William A. Bellamy, San Francisco Medical Society

Pot, so the glossy weeklies tell us, has become a fact of life in many areas of respectable America. In urban centers, we are informed, doctors, housewives, lawyers, social workers are turning on. "After a tough day," a business executive is quoted as saying, "I come home and smoke some pot. It helps me relax."

Television commercials and newspaper advertisements are increasingly psychedelic. On three successive nights over television, there appear sympathetic references to "grass"—on a Saturday night comedy special, on a Sunday Smothers Brothers show, on Monday night by a guest on the Johnny Carson show (the Smothers show itself traffics in inside pot jokes almost weekly). Otto Preminger admits having smoked pot, and the world's two most celebrated ballet artists are arrested in a marijuana case. A recent popular song of the same name lauded the merits of "Acapulco Gold"—reputedly a high grade of marijuana. →

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College students . . . well, they're the "marijuana generation." Fifteen per cent of the students at Princeton admit smoking pot—two-thirds of them in the upper academic 20 per cent, a third of them members of varsity athletic teams. Use at some schools on the East and West Coasts is estimated at 50 to 60 per cent of the student bodies.

The Pot 'High' Examined

Marijuana is smoked, usually in hand-rolled cigarettes, and the smoke is held briefly in the lungs. According to people who have tried pot, three or four drags are usually sufficient to obtain the desired effect—heightened sensations and perceptions. Food tastes better, particularly sweets. Music sounds clearer. Thoughts sometimes come quicker than the mind can direct the mouth to express them. Earnest conversation, giddy amusement, or rapt attention to visual delights are common features of a pot "high." There is no hangover the next morning, and pot is cheaper than liquor (a $10 "lid" is said to last the casual smoker two to three months). And, its defenders insist, far from encouraging violence or crime, pot tends to make one "more contemplative" about oneself and one's surroundings.

With the dramatically increased use of pot in the United States, there has developed an American subterranean culture—the Beatles have found an older audience not only through the new directions of their music, but for a lesser reason: their public advocacy of legalized pot in England. Because pot heightens the senses, including hearing, smokers buy not only classical and jazz records, but have helped make popular the psychedelic rock of the Doors and the Jefferson Airplane.

The subculture has even produced its own glossary. Often, at gatherings where joints (marijuana cigarettes) are being smoked, one overhears conversation about the narcs (narcotics agents), reports of busts (arrests), and exchanges of information about the heat (police surveillance). Good things are "groovy" or "trippy," while an unpleasant experience during the day may have been "a bummer."

The disturbing possibility exists that, within a decade or so, the nation could be confronted with another Prohibition situation. It is estimated that seventy to eighty million Americans drink alcohol. Health officials in Washington guess that twenty million Americans may have tried pot at least once, and that anywhere from 300,000 to 4.5 million regularly prefer it to liquor. (Pot is finding increasing favor with the youth of Western Europe as well, although it is next to impossible to guess the extent of marijuana use, if any, behind the Iron Curtain—but one jazz musician claims to have "scored some grass" within an hour after arriving in Leningrad.)

Back in 1938, Narcotics Commissioner Anslinger revealed his agency had just finished destroying the equivalent of 10,000 acres of marijuana, and pronounced the issue just about solved. "In several years," he said, "we shall have destroyed the major growth." But one of the problems of enforcement is that marijuana is, simply, a weed. It grows anywhere, with little cultivation. It is not now uncommon in many areas of the country for the amount of marijuana confiscated continues to double from year to year.

Another troublesome problem of enforcement is that the marijuana laws themselves are as punitive in nature as they could reasonably be. It is difficult to see how more deterrent strength could be added, without writing into the laws disfigurement or death (in Georgia, sale of pot to a minor can bring the latter). Since marijuana offenders often have no other record of arrest, lawyers these days occasionally wonder publicly whether the laws are "creating criminals." The spectacle of "respectable citizens being disgraced for life" has produced a brewing debate over whether possession of pot should be reduced from a felony to a misdemeanor.

The rise in pot-smoking as a "recreational device" has produced something else as well: a certain credibility gap between the generations that is widening. Pot-smokers and others who have been exposed to the activity scoff at the old tales of depravity, crime, addiction, and it is difficult to convince them otherwise.

After a recent eighteen-month study, for instance, University of California investigators found they could not persuade young people they had interviewed to stop smoking pot. The reason: They could not answer their subjects' arguments.

"From their personal experience and observations," related sociology professor Herbert Blumer, "they could refute the claim that [marijuana] usually led to health or personality deterioration."

The report concluded by issuing a challenge: "We invite any educators, scientists, welfare workers or police officers to try to meet effectively the well-buttressed arguments, based on personal experience and observation, that our young drug users presented in frank, open and uninhibited discussions."

Pot v. Coffee, Cigarettes

The head of San Francisco General Hospital's alcohol and drug screening unit, Dr. David Smith, also has operated a free medical clinic in the city's hippie-inhabited Haight-Ashbury district. There, Smith voluntarily has labored to discourage use of the dangerous drugs—LSD, methadrine ("speed") and the more recent STP. He is agitated by the marijuana credibility gap.

"How," Dr. Smith asks students' parents, "can you expect your children to respect authorities who will ruin a person's life for possession of marijuana or put a man in jail for using a drug with the abuse potential of a cocktail?

"Police tell young people that smoking pot will turn them into addicts. The kids know it's not true."

There is, student pot-smokers almost uniformly insist, general hypocrisy in America over drug use. They maintain, and here they have a point, that a society which imposes lengthy imprisonment for use of a mild hallucinogen, drugs itself more recklessly: Pot is condemned by the man who wakes up, reaches for his morning nicotine, drinks his morning caffeine, is halfway through a pack of cigarettes by noon, downs two shots of alcohol during lunch, comes home and has a martini, drinks some more caffeine at dinner, takes a pill to go to sleep and a Compoz in order to be able to perform at the office or on the golf course.

Likewise, pot smokers claim to disdain the drunken hankypanky of that fabled American institution, the office party; displays of sexual attraction at a pot "party" would be considered uncool. They refer to pot sardonically as "dope," much the way conserva-

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tives weary of liberal-Left rhetoric refer to themselves jokingly as "fascists." In short, that this "benign weed" is dangerous is implausible to an indeterminate portion of the emerging generation.

College students in particular challenge existing legislation. The Gallup Poll reveals that 61 per cent on the nation's campuses are against expelling a student caught smoking pot—the same survey shows 49 per cent considering themselves hawks on Vietnam, as against only 35 per cent classifying themselves "doves." There are a few other startling indications that pot is not considered an especially ideological issue among the young.

Conservative Potheads

This may surprise a lot of hip people in San Francisco, but James R. White III is a conservative. At least, he voted for Goldwater in '64. He thinks the United Nations is mischievous at best, and that we should pull out at the earliest opportunity. White, in his mid-thirties and a practicing attorney in San Francisco, is also legal counsel for LeMar, the committee to legalize marijuana. The marijuana laws, White claims, are "reducing respect for law enforcement, just as Prohibition did."

Meantime, at least four prominent young conservative writers—and prominent is the correct word here—privately admit smoking pot. A fifth, just as prominent, believes the marijuana laws are "unrealistic, repressive, and should be repealed or reformulated."

Earlier this year Young Americans for Reagan, a California-based national organization of young conservatives working to help draft the governor for President, issued a position paper urging repeal of the marijuana laws.*

"If a person is behaving differently from how a moral collectivist wants him to behave, and yet is minding his own business," the YAR statement asked, "who or what gives the moralist the right to prevent that person's behavior?" The statement concluded that California's tax money would be better spent if police were allowed to devote their energies "more toward solving crimes of violence, rather than coercing moral authority." (In fact, an estimated $20 million a year is spent in California alone on detection, conviction and imprisonment of marijuana sellers and smokers. The result: Pot-smoking is more widespread than ever.)

A lot of water, apparently, has passed over the dam since Ralph de Toledano in a column denounced the Moise Tshombe (California) chapter of Young Americans for Freedom for "bundling with the Vietniks and the beatniks." Moise Tshombe YAF had urged repeal of the "unconstitutional restraints" against individual use of marijuana.

Now, to the average conservative gentleman and lady, all the foregoing surely is a ghastly horror story. It is not intended to be; it is merely a compilation of fact and opinion, speculation and myth, relevant to the extent of marijuana use in the United States today—and the extent to which the belief is spreading that pot is "harmless." There are many facts we do not yet know, and a conclusion drawn without their benefit would be just as premature as those drawn in the 1930s.

Age of Self-Gratification?

But—and for this, as members of the body social and body politic, we should prepare ourselves—it may someday be demonstrated beyond challenge that pot is no more harmful to the individual and to society than liquor. Dr. James L. Goddard, commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, recently said he thinks such is probably the case. At this point, the matter would become one of freedom versus restraint.

There are certain to be those, struck by the vacuous extremes of beaded anti-intellectualists, who will remain convinced that legalization of

*The statement bore the signatures of YAR's executive director and two national co-chairmen. Gov. Reagan, it should quickly be recorded, has indicated he accepts classification of marijuana as a "dangerous drug."

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pot would usher in an age of empty self-gratification. But if useful citizens prefer to relax by smoking rather than drinking a drug, we shall have to come up with some rather substantial reasons why their preference should be forbidden.

Faced with that sort of dilemma, where might the libertarian-conservative turn for guidance?

Bail: What Is Excessive?

He might, first of all, turn to the United States Constitution. Conservatives have generally insisted on a literal reading of the Constitution and its clearly-defined restraints upon government from arbitrary excesses of authority.

Amendment Eight, in the Bill of Rights, says: "Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishment inflicted."

Does life imprisonment, we might ask ourselves at some future point, constitute cruel and unusual punishment for the recreational use of a substance described by San Francisco General Hospital's Dr. Smith as having "the abuse potential of a cocktail"?

A few years ago a recognized libertarian-conservative looked over his national environment, and wrote he would like finally to hear a politician —any politician—declare in a campaign speech, "I propose to extend freedom. My aim is not to pass laws, but to repeal them. It is not to inaugurate new programs, but to cancel old ones that do violence to the Constitution, or *that have failed in their purpose* . . . [italics added]."

Later, in the midst of a grueling campaign himself, he added that "we have had ample experience to show us that it is impossible to legislate moral conduct."

The speaker, of course, was Barry Goldwater, who was talking primarily about civil rights legislation. Indeed, it has been the feeling of most conservatives that social attitudes and behavior cannot be legislated—in fact, should not be legislated, lest the action do injury to individual liberty and personal prerogative. Moreover, laws that remain on the books unobserved and difficult to enforce undermine the general consensus by which the rule of law is maintained —we learned at least that much during Prohibition.

In states like California, which has probably the most experience with the pot phenomenon, there are stirrings in legal and government circles at various levels toward reformulation of the marijuana laws, and occasionally newspaper columnists advocate immediate repeal. The state's beleaguered chief narcotics agent in San Francisco, Matthew O'Connor, concedes a proposal that possession of pot be made a misdemeanor, instead of a felony, "is not without merit." (A career law-enforcement officer who opposes outright legalization, O'Connor nevertheless observes students do not receive reasonable answers to their questions about the marijuana laws, that the answers "lack conviction, detail and authoritative reference.")

Most likely, a referendum on legalized pot would lose overwhelmingly practically everywhere in the United States today. That is why some advocates of reformulating the marijuana laws favor an approach through the courts. A significant court case challenging the constitutionality of Massachusetts' marijuana law is now under way; the defendants' attorney, Joseph Oteri, is also, interestingly, counsel for the National Association of Police Officers. (Oteri, relates *Time*, says the marijuana law "gripes me," explaining: "The hazards of marijuana are a myth.") Similar cases are in progress in New York and Rhode Island, a bill to remove pot from the state narcotics law is before the Michigan legislature, and Oregon will soon consider doing the same.

And in Washington a top-level position paper on pot has been quietly circulating within the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The paper, terming marijuana "clearly a recreational drug," contemplates profound changes in the federal approach to pot: reducing the penalty for possession from a felony to a misdemeanor, and shifting enforcement from the Bureau of Narcotics to the medically-oriented Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, of the Food and Drug Administration.

The HEW paper also recommends studying the feasibility of eventually "removing present restrictions on the sale and distribution of marijuana in the same fashion in which alcohol is controlled." The paper continues: "It is clear that the conventional wisdom concerning marijuana is generally uninformed. . . So far as an objective analysis of the problem is possible, to that degree one can only conclude that the case offered against marijuana does not hold good."

Problem May Solve Itself

At this point, however, spokesmen for HEW Secretary John W. Gardner will admit only that the Department "is carefully considering the entire marijuana situation, and no decision has been reached."

Meantime, suggests *San Francisco* Magazine, a "group of dedicated attorneys should prepare a 'marijuana test case' worthy of consideration before the highest court in the land."

Ironically, just as such developments have evolved in our own country, the U.S. Senate last May hastily ratified a United Nations Convention on Narcotic Drugs. The UN agreement would outlaw and tightly control the obviously dangerous narcotic drugs. But it also stipulates that in the United States, as one of the parties to the treaty, the "use of cannabis for other than medical and scientific purposes must be discontinued as soon as possible but in any case within 25 years from the coming into force of this Convention. . ." Whether the Senate has in fact abdicated to U Thant and company the United States' right to review its own legislation in this respect is a matter of speculation among legal experts.

The marijuana controversy obviously promotes varied reactions and, often, heated emotion. Politicians these days do not like to be asked to declare themselves on the subject, although Illinois' Sen. Percy ventures his opinion that imprisonment may not be an appropriate penalty for smoking pot. "I think this possibly might be somewhat excessive," says Percy. "I understand it is not addictive. It doesn't create violence . . . you have to temper punishment."

Eventually, of course, there will be some resolution of a growing dilemma that may, finally, be discovered to be more a philosophical one than anything else. And then, by 1970 half of the electorate will be less than 35 years of age, and increasingly centered in urban areas. Some time after that, America's great marijuana problem may have solved itself.

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Mr. Mount disagrees. More research is needed, he says, before we can tell for a fact how dangerous marijuana-smoking is. He's for keeping it illegal

THE WILD GRASS CHASE

FERDINAND MOUNT

Addicts to the legalization of marijuana show a proselytizing fervor as intense and as deeply muddled as if they had been writing under the influence of the hallucinogen itself. Mr. Gollan is more fair-minded than most but unfortunately just as muddled. Let us attempt to clear up one or two of the confusions he displays. First, it is misleading to phrase the problem in terms of the regulation of "moral conduct." No doubt anarchists would claim that they have no duty to obey laws with which they disagree, whatever the character of those laws. More specifically, they might argue that governments have no right to legislate to protect the citizens from activities harmful to health. Such a doctrine is certainly defensible, but few people are concerned to defend it. The vast majority —socialist, liberal, conservative— readily accept health laws, once persuaded of their practical necessity. Such laws may regulate the purity of food and medicaments, the pollution of the atmosphere, the disposal of sewage, the ventilation of apartments, or the use of drugs. Some zealots have, it is true, injected a moral element into their condemnation of certain drugs, former Narcotics Commissioner Harry Anslinger for example, but that element alone would not suffice to explain why the traffic in, and use of, marijuana is prohibited in every civilized nation of the world. Indeed, India has completely prohibited cannabis resin in the face of strong religious pressure for the continuance of its use.

The marijuana controversy is not primarily an argument about civil liberties, nor about the morality of the use of drugs for the enhancement of pleasure or perception. It is a *practical* argument involving two questions: does marijuana pose such a health risk that authority is justified in using its widely accepted powers of prohibition in the interests of public health? And can such prohibition be enforced and, if so, how severe a sanction should back that prohibition?

Heroin Confuses Issue

First, a rough definition of "health risk": an activity which evidence shows to destroy the health or the life of at least a *significant* proportion of those participating in the activity or of the public at large. Cumbersome and elementary perhaps, but essential. For Mr. Gollan makes much of a conservative lawyer in San Francisco who smokes pot without ill effects. Similarly, the *Wall Street Journal* (Nov. 20, 1967) produces a 22-year-old Harvard non-hippie who does the same. And the LaGuardia Report on which Mr. Gollan and all proponents of marijuana rely heavily says: "A person may be a confirmed smoker for a prolonged period, and give up the drug voluntarily without experiencing any craving for it or exhibiting withdrawal symptoms."

Yes, you can regularly exceed the speed limit all your life without being involved in or causing an accident. You can live in the smog of Los Angeles or New York without contracting bronchitis. You can eat contaminated foods without getting ptomaine. I know several people who have experimented with marijuana and are none the worse. Some are so psychically tough that I would back them to emerge unscathed from limited experiments with LSD or cocaine. But I know of others the collapse of whose lives has been more than accelerated by chronic reliance on marijuana. Others still have been dragged down into the heroin vortex. The point is that health laws normally deal with the protection of the minority, and that the absence of such laws, except in extreme epidemical cases such as the Black Death, damages only a minority. It is not the sturdy conservative lawyer with whom we are concerned in this argument but the lost sheep, of whose priority we were reminded way back. I would tentatively suggest that the reason why both pro ("a valuable pleasure-giving drug") and anti ("leads direct to the insane asylum") spokesmen have been fighting on the wrong ground here is derived from the proximity of heroin in the field of discourse. That is to say, heroin is so strongly and universally addictive, so patently destructive of health and hence so obviously to be prohibited that the disputants come to believe that the prohibition of marijuana must be justified by the same criteria. Not so. Much weaker grounds would justify prohibition.

There is a further argument against prohibition which has superficially more merit: namely that there is a distinction between personal and collective health risks. On this argument, one who belches smoke out of his incinerator or who exceeds the speed limit is creating a public hazard and should be subject to control, but turn-

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ing on at home does nobody any harm, except arguably yourself. Insofar as there is any merit in this distinction, the laws of most countries and states do distinguish between the pusher and the consumer, legal penalties and indeed public opprobrium being much severer for the former. Incidentally, this distinction already creates considerable problems for the police, because of the difficulty of disproving the defendant's contention that the colossal cache found on his premises was intended solely for his own use. The argument is weakened by the missionary zeal of the marijuana smoker and the social rituals with which its use is accompanied. It appears considerably harder to avoid taking a puff at a pot-in without being regarded as a poor sport and probably a police agent than it is to decline a martini at a cocktail party, the concept of being "on the wagon" not having permeated the drug world as yet. But even if marijuana fell like manna from heaven on to solitary seekers after truth, the putative harm would not be confined to the seeker alone. It would also harm his family, his associates, his ability to perform civic obligations. Clearing up the mess could absorb social resources—police, doctors, nurses, hospital beds, social workers and therapists, family care services—which are scarce, expensive and more honorably needed by others. Any government which blithely winked at the means of such social chaos would be failing in its duty.

Pot Has Bad Record

How harmful is marijuana to the minority? The allegedly pro-pot La-Guardia Report says, "The conclusion seems warranted that given the potential makeup and the right time and environment, marijuana may bring on a true psychotic state."

Dr. Donald Louria, president of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction, says, "Habitual and heavy marijuana use is not as benign as those who would have us legalize the drug suggest. . . . Adverse manifestations include striking anxiety, hysteria, and even acute psychotic episodes. Instead of becoming euphoric, the person may become paranoid. Chronic use apparently increases mental instability." Dr. Louria is one of the more respected authorities in his field (though in this battle of authorities, all authorities are "respected," unless they be "brilliant"), and he is "implacably" opposed to the legalization of marijuana, though he favors a clearer distinction between the penalties for its possession as against those for the possession of heroin. His analysis of the dangers of marijuana for certain people seems to be broadly echoed by many other authorities such as Dr. Maurice Seevers, Chairman of the Department of Pharmacology at the University of Michigan, and the three other pharmacologists who produced the World Health Organization's pamphlet on Drug Dependence, in which they distinguish between the varying types of "dependence" (covering a wider field than "addiction") produced by different drugs. In the case of marijuana, while denying that it induces the physical dependence of heroin, the WHO pamphlet summed up the syndrome thus: "For the individual, harm resulting from abuse of cannabis may include inertia, lethargy, self-neglect, feeling of increased capability, with corresponding failure, and precipitation of psychotic episodes. Abuse of cannabis facilitates the association with social groups and sub-cultures involved with more dangerous drugs, such as opiates and barbiturates. Transition to the use of such drugs would be a consequence of this association rather than an inherent effect of cannabis. The harm to society derived from abuse of cannabis rests in the economic consequences of the individual's social functions and his enhanced proneness to a social and antisocial behavior." Not exactly an encouraging picture. There are of course also the physical effects—bronchitis, asthma, low blood-sugar, sore throat; and the subjective effects including impairment of judgment and memory, irritability, confusion, distortion of sensation and perception and so on. I must stress that the foregoing represents the most cautious and least dramatic view of the effects of marijuana. Respected studies have also found:

1) High incidence of epileptic fits among Indian users of ganja (a variant of marijuana).

2) Mental illness among Arabs, particularly in Egypt, has been attributed to the use of hashish. Ditto with marijuana in South Africa.

3) Criminal acts are attributed to the use of cannabis in one form or another (Greece, India, Egypt, West Indies, West Africa) throughout the world. Sample: "Acute toxic insanity as a result of marijuana produces violent and aggressive behavior. On such occasions cannabis users have been known to commit murders without reason or provocation." (I. C. Chopra and R. N. Chopra, "The Use of the Cannabis Drugs in India," *Bulletin on Narcotics,* January 1957.) Such acts of violence in the U.S. are more usually attributed either to the effects of LSD (as in several recent cases of murder) or to quarrels between heroin addicts and their connections. But some doctors feel that marijuana may have been too easily acquitted on this count.

Universal Disapprobation

These more extreme accusations against marijuana clearly need a closer scrutiny. The methodology of the medical profession is frequently lamentable. It is not so easy for example to determine whether marijuana makes criminals or criminals happen to smoke marijuana. While it would be foolish to deny that cannabis, like alcohol, contributes to road accidents, how are we to assess a statement like this: "Of 379 hashish-smoking criminals studied, 117 became criminally inclined only after their habituation to hashish" (C. C. Gardikas, "Hashish and Crime," *Enkephalos,* 1950)? The figures could merely be a function of adolescence in a criminal culture. Some take to hashish first, others happen to start with crime. But Dr. Seevers makes what seems to me a very telling point: "If marijuana had universal appeal, one would expect to find it accepted and used socially and in moderate amounts in Asia and Africa by a majority of the population, much like alcohol in the United States. To the contrary, in most countries regular users are held in low esteem, somewhat comparable to that we accord Skid Row alcoholics." If ever there were an occasion for taking the collective wisdom of nations and generations into account, this is it—particularly for conservatives.

There is evident need for further research into the effects of cannabis, a point made much of in a recent advertisement calling for immediate legalization in the London *Times* and

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signed by such modern prophets as the Beatles. But the admission that research is needed must rule out any immediate legalization of cannabis. The example of thalidomide is surely too fresh in our memory for us to have forgotten that lesson. Moreover, those who claim that more research is *not* needed are dangerously ignoring the substantial body of medical opinion outlined above. Experience has shown that even when medical opinion is united, it is not necessarily right. When medical opinion is so sharply divided, it would be crazy to act other than with extreme caution. The burden of proof, I must insist, is on those who wish to legalize the use of marijuana, as it is with the licensing of any new drug.

The Missing Link Again

There is also the crucial question of whether the use of marijuana leads to heroin addiction. Judge Charles Wyzanski (*Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, November, 1967) says (and his statement has been widely repeated in different forms): "It is, of course, absurd to argue that because most users of heroin first used marijuana, marijuana is proved to be a usual preliminary step to heroin addiction. One might as well say that because most users of heroin once imbibed milk, milk leads to heroin addiction." This patently false analogy is a disgrace to Harvard Yard and makes medicos' logic seem positively Socratic by comparison. Everybody has imbibed milk, but a very small proportion of the population has used marijuana, so that to say that from this small number are drawn almost all the even smaller number of heroin addicts is to remark on a significant association between the use of marijuana and addiction to heroin. It is the same type of association as that between cigarette-smoking and lung cancer. Only part of the population smokes. From that part are drawn the vast majority of lung cancer victims. Further, the proportion of lung cancer victims increases when we consider heavy smokers. In neither the case of heroin addiction nor the case of lung cancer, is a *causal link* established (though we may speculate on the urge for greater kicks in disturbed personalities or on the irritants in cigarette smoke which cause the growth of malignant cells), but the association is striking enough to give rise to considerable concern. And the association *is* striking. In Britain, it is almost universally agreed that nine (or more) out of ten heroin addicts started on marijuana (some would add "or on amphetamines"—of little consequence as nobody much is lobbying for the decontrol of amphetamines). In the United States, there were previous low estimates that only 60 per cent of addicts started on pot. This may have been so when the whole drug culture was largely confined to minority groups such as Negroes, Mexicans and Puerto Ricans, but Dr. Louria and others now put the figure at nearer 90 per cent. Certainly 90 per cent would seem to be an unchallengeable figure among the new middle-class and/or intellectual drug-takers who are, to be candid, the people who are lobbying for marijuana and who have aroused the whole controversy. When only the poor sought paradise by way of pot, nobody cared about the enhancement and enrichment of perception. They just flung 'em in jail.

I note also a new snobbery emerging, namely that it is a mistake to enforce the laws against marijuana because this cultivates a disrespect for the law among students who are well able to distinguish between the dangers of pot and heroin. Typical of this school is John Hersey, now master of Pierson College at Yale, who writes: "It [marijuana] definitely does not have, in the college culture, the force of initiation to heroin and degradation, for the students are very clear about that form of suicide." Apparently, in order to allow free play for the display of such moral intelligence, the less educationally privileged are to be allowed to go hang. I must repeat that health laws are for the protection of the minority. Moreover, the implication of the Hersey school is not only intellec-

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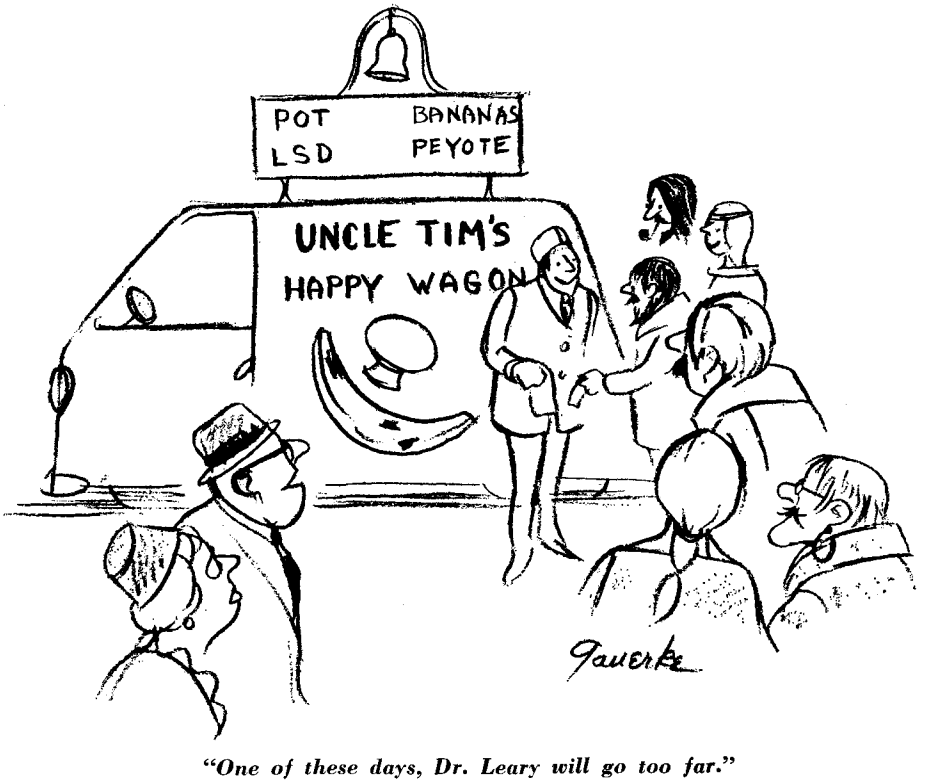
tually snobbish, but inaccurate. The opening of the drug world in all its glowing illusion to the children of the middle class has revealed absolutely no superiority of moral intelligence. Recent hard-drug raids in Boston and Cambridge have picked up an increasing proportion of well-educated middle-class youth. The distinction (as usual in matters of self-destructive indulgence) is not between income or IQ groups but between the morally and spiritually strong and the morally and spiritually weak. There is little evidence that the children of the college professor are necessarily better able to deal sensibly with drugs than the children of the poor. The only difference is that until recently the professor's children had little or no contact with drugs.

50,000 Quite Enough?

This leads us to the last-ditch argument of the pot lobby; that the reason why a small proportion of marijuana users go on to heroin is that they are enmeshed in an underworld of illegality, that they are the dupes of the pushers who persuade nice clean-cut college boys who just want an occasional relaxing joint to ruin their lives by taking to "H." Parallels are drawn with Prohibition and Al Capone. Sweep away the prohibition and you sweep away the racketeering. Not so. Britain abolished most of her legal restraints on betting and gaming (the parallel with Prohibition and its repeal was made during the passage of this legislation too), and what happened? The British embarked on an orgy of gambling such as was never seen before. Millionaires and workingmen ruined themselves, and the gangsters moved in, not out. Gangland killings erupted, and the American Mafia even started hotfooting it across the Atlantic. Nor, to put it mildly, is racketeering less in evidence in states where gambling is legal and liquor easy to get than in those where they are not. It is obvious that if marijuana were legal, more people would smoke it. More people would therefore be aware of the delights of taking leave of their senses. Anybody who claims that there would then be *fewer* people ready to go on to experiment with heroin is operating with an exiguous knowledge of human nature. Did the end of Prohibition bring a significant or lasting reduction in alcoholism?

This brings us to the final question, whether the continued prohibition of marijuana is workable. Now the fact that people evade a law does not mean that the law in question is unworkable, still less that it is undesirable. Many traffic violations go unpunished; many of the punishments go unpaid. There are hundreds of thousands of scofflaws in New York State alone. This does not indicate that the majority of people oppose the laws, nor that the police do not attempt to enforce them, but merely that universal enforcement would be a task far exceeding the capacity of the police. The laws and their partial enforcement do have an effect on the behavior of motorists nevertheless. Similarly with marijuana. It is not sold in stores. Though access is now far from difficult, many young people, who might fear *not* to try marijuana as a badge of manhood were its use legal, do not bother to under present restrictions—or not more than once or twice. Forbidden fruit may be sweeter, but most of us are too lazy to climb over the wall after it.

The real distinction between the prohibition of alcohol and that of pot is that the Volstead Amendment was imposed on a nation which had used alcohol for centuries. The prohibition of marijuana, on the other hand, took place at a time (the 1930s) when only a few members of the underclass and even fewer of the intelligentsia were acquainted with the drug. Passing thought: If alcohol came to us as a new and untried drug with documented evidence from, say, France of consequent DTs, cirrhosis, habituation and bar-room violence as well as of the conviviality, release from inhibitions and cheerful distortions of perceptions resulting from its use, would responsible ministers and educators blithely urge its legalization? The argument that marijuana is no worse in its effects than alcohol (which in any case I do not think there is yet sufficient evidence to warrant fully) hardly justifies the legalization of marijuana on health grounds. And it would only justify legalization on the ground that laws must operate with the consent of the governed if the marijuana laws approached the unpopularity of Prohibition. Of course, as Mr. Gollan adumbrates, there could come a time when that happened. But that time is not yet. And with the sensible dissemination of the facts that are known and further research into those facts that are not known, it may never come. Meanwhile, four million alcoholics and 50,000 or so hard-drug addicts are quite enough.



"One of these days, Dr. Leary will go too far."

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Letter From the Continent

Near Eastern Sores

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Hardly had the situation around Israel settled down to yet another uneasy armistice than Cyprus became critical once more. We owe the Cyprus problem to the British "sense of fairness," which led London to place the Turkish minority on the island squarely under Greek rule. The Turks, from whom the island was taken in 1878, protested this form of "decolonization" and go on demanding that Cyprus be restored to Turkey. Greece invokes majority rule and self-determination. The islanders themselves tend to be indifferent toward attitudes in the big world, steeped as they are in their own troubles.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Europe: Where Is It?

The British plan for an ethnically "bipartisan" government and administration, which looked so good on paper, naturally did not work out. Local politicians who talked about Hellenic unity while riding the gravy train, perverted it almost instantly. There apparently are situations when the great concept of a country of many idioms and many customs just cannot and will not work. In the Near East, population transfers seem to be the only measures to prevent the worst. Greece and Turkey may consider themselves European nations, they issue stamps each year inscribed "EROPE" and "ARUPA" — Cyprus, by the way, also does so—in homage to the Pan-European idea, but it remains a fact that their peoples refer to the rest of the Continent as "Europe," as though it were an extraneous region. "No, sir," the clerk at an Athenian hotel will inform you, "the mail from Europe has not yet arrived." Of course, some Englishmen do the same thing.

But whatever the official attitudes or the popular concepts in the Near East, more violent popular outbreaks happen there than farther north or west, in "Europe." There, a cynic might remark, violence is the exclusive privilege not of mobs but of governments acting under the spur of ideology—*vide* the Nazis.

Neighbor Against Neighbor

From the lower Danube down to Bab-el-Mandeb, the "Gate of Tears" in the vicinity of embattled Aden, hatred and cruelty hold permanent sway. In the more "advanced" part of Europe we find an enormous amount of envy restrained and coerced by Western conventions. It is manifested only in the programs of certain parties advocating all sorts of confiscatory and expropriatory measures. In the Near East, however, group hatred assumes far more direct forms, furious reactions against the "otherness" of the neighbor. The neighbor frequently is of the same original stock (a fact that is hardly ever realized or, at least, acted upon). The Turks of Asia Minor have very little Turkish blood, nor are the Greeks predominantly of Hellenic ancestry. At times the expert can distinguish the members of various ethnic groups at sight and without having to research the matter further, but this is only rarely the case.

It is hard for us to fathom the enormity of ethnic hatreds, but they represent hard realities and have to be reckoned with. They can break out at the most unexpected moments, assume the most unexpected expressions and produce the most unexpected results. The recent (chronic?) Cyprus crisis has its origin in the attempt by Greek forces to "control" the village of Kophinou, inhabited by Turks and situated on the important Limassol-Nikosia road. The attempt was successful but nearly caused what would surely have been one of the stupidest wars of the last twenty years. Anyone who doubts it may be interested in one of my recollections from the Twenties.

Race had nothing to do with this incident. Both the offenders and the victims were Semites. It happened in Baghdad, during the showing of a Biblical film probably directed by Cecil B. de Mille. In the Crucifixion scene the Virgin Mary, trying to get closer to the Cross, was brutally shoved aside by one of the fat, bearded High Priests. At this the women in the audience started to scream from the gallery and the men rose in wrath and tore the seats from their concrete sockets. (An eyewitness told me that he could not figure how they managed this feat, requiring as it did almost superhuman strength.) Then they ran out into the street where two unfortunate and unsuspecting Jews happened to be passing by. This provided them the occasion to avenge the mother of the Prophet Issah, whose memory is as sacred to the Muslims as that of Fatima, Mohammed's daughter. The Jews were surrounded by the crazed crowd and minutes later nothing, but absolutely nothing, except a moist spot on the pavement remained of the pathetic victims. Needless to say, even if an inquiry had been made no arrests would have followed. Nobody was punished. The very nature of this crime, committed by a large crowd, made any criminal prosecution impossible. Incidents of this sort throw a distressing light on human character in general and on the Near Eastern situation in particular. Love can blind a person and so can hate. Would-be diplomats might profitably note the Balkan legend about wishes granted: A fairy once appeared to a peasant and offered him the fulfillment of his every wish, under one condition: Whatever he desired would be given in double measure to his neighbor. The peasant thought hard for a while and then announced: "Take one of my eyes."

Peace missions of the United Nations, please note. The dominant note in your philosophy is nothing but Rousseau's optimism in regard to human nature. In the light of experience it will be seen that there is nothing to justify it.

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D-Day at Brooklyn College

The Day the Liberals Caved In

THOMAS MOLNAR

Thursday October 19, morning. Scene, the lobby of Boylan Hall, Brooklyn College. Two young Navy officers were busy setting up a recruitment table. Across the lobby the Peace Corps also had its table. One hour later, pandemonium. It was impossible to teach even in the fourth-floor classrooms. The anti-war chant trumpeted aggression. Students surrounded the recruiters, demanding their removal from campus. Soon the police were called and started making arrests. The TV cameras showed up. Ugly scenes, students on strike, solemn negotiations with deans and president, babbling of "student freedom," slogans about police brutality —in short a "Berkeley" had erupted. By the middle of the following week, the last visible ripples of the incident had subsided. But the students had won all along the line, the administation had yielded—and set the precedent for further retreats.

Students a CPUSA Target

Of course no student would be able to define "freedom on campus" with any precision. It is a slogan, apparently in no need of reasoned justification. For the immense majority the rioting was fun more than anything else. By Monday they were eager for teaching to resume.

Not so the minority of agitators, encouraged by some two hundred professors, many wearing a "Faculty on Strike" sign on the lapel. Even before the Navy recruiters appeared, the anti-Vietnam posters were ready, reporters and cameramen—normally hard to reach—had been alerted. Note also that the rioters did not spare the Peace Corps table; the last Tricontinental Conference in Havana decreed that the Corps was a tool of American imperialism. How admirable the coordination between HQ and the peripatetic militants forearmed with their anti-Peace Corps leaflets!

Yet the militants, straight-faced, asserted that the issue was student freedom. The administration, also straight-faced but with terror in its eyes, played along. What else could it do? The liberal philosophy it espouses admits of no limit to "freedom," no exercise of even legitimate authority, no defense against the agitators, especially when backed by the *New York Times*, the liberals' oracle. No wonder each student demand extracted a fresh concession. First, the administration allowed the simple issue of law and order—and of optimum conditions for teaching—to be deformed into the phony issue of police on campus. Bogged in this treacherous ground, president and deans could not think of using their authority, for example, to expel the agitators and to order students as well as professors back to their classrooms. Two deans indeed protested, as if accused of some horrible crime: "I did not call the police! I did not call the police!" The student negotiators magnanimously did not press for their dismissal. All demands were agreed to: no students to be suspended, no more police on campus and no more outside recruiters. The student committee was even promised the privilege of sitting in as observers at Faculty Council meetings, like the *sansculottes* at the 1793 National Convention.

All this needs no voluminous commentary, just a look at fifty years of student dictatorship in South American universities. No doubt Brooklyn College students, unlike those of Caracas University, do not possess a secret arsenal of small arms and machine guns or a torture chamber for kidnaped reactionaries. Yet. But "it can happen here." For while the majority of students, bored by affluence, may briefly play at revolution, Progressive Labor Party (PLP) and Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) student "organizers" use their imagined discontent for more serious ends and set more precise objectives. Two years ago, a little-noticed resolution by the Communist Party U.S.A. stated that the country contained only two potentially revolutionary elements: Negro militants and college students. In view of the white backlash, the role of the former was noticeably played down. The students became the real target of Communist propaganda. They were to be incited against administration and trustees as the "exploiting class." The class struggle was in effect to be grafted onto campus life. Steve Accardy writes in the *National Guardian* that the aim of student strikes (the next batch planned for this spring) is to call attention to the intimate link "between universities and American corporate and military imperialism."

Has NSA a 'Fascist Mentality'?

There is a nice piece of Communist reasoning behind this. In *Educational Record* (Winter 1967) Mr. Carl Davidson, SDS student "organizer," makes a purely Marxist analysis of university reform. Universities, we learn, are fortresses of "corporate liberalism," since almost every department serves the armed forces, armament industries, and the cause of American imperialism generally. They produce the knowledge and the people to enable the United States to exploit the workers at home and the colored masses of the Third World. Davidson, like the other PLP and SDS organizers, concentrates his attacks on liberals in general, on Robert Kennedy and the NSA in particular. Faced with America's present revolutionary mood, writes Jeff Gordon, PLP member and (unexpelled) chief agitator at Brooklyn College, the ruling class will try to steer the protest movements into support for RFK and his "liberal brand of imperialism." Jeff Jones (*National Guardian,* October 21) contends that liberal students have now learned the radical rhetoric, but do not fill it with political content; in fact, they even strengthen the "corporate imperialists" by advising the ghettoes to "cool down" and by preaching reform, not revolution. One SDS militant adds:

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"The NSA has mobilized a fascist mentality." For which read: Students of the Brooklyn campus of Long Island University limited their protest to unversity matters.

Contemptuous of Fellow-Students

A new strategy must be elaborated to counter the two-faced liberals and their allies, "the fake-radical revisionists, those who peddle the same liberalism, but more slyly under the name of Communism" (Jeff Gordon). Note how the writings of the student agitators reverberate with the tramp of the Red Guards; their watchword is "Destroy!" They show open contempt for the liberal professors, the college administrators, the "fake humanists" and even the students and their freedom. After the first successful day at Brooklyn College, Jeff Gordon suggested that "this is the time to push into the belly of the administration which now shows its weakness." Another article ridicules the deans and professors of San Francisco State College who served coffee and sandwiches to striking students, and when the weather but not the tempers cooled, brought them electric heating pads. Alas for the good professors' anxiety to please. Leftist students, writes Carl Davidson, should cooperate with leftist professors only if the latter set up their own shock troops. Similar reasoning leads John Levin to advise against "free universities": They channel off the radical element which otherwise would help disrupt the campus and take over from faculty and administration.

No less devastating is the agitators' contempt for their fellow-students. It can only be compared with the contempt of Marx and Lenin for the workers. Before students may become useful to the Revolution, they must apparently be made to rebel against something relevant to their academic life—the grading system, cafeteria prices, ineffective student government. Once mobilized for a secondary cause, students can be expected to support the radical minority in taking over, then abolishing student government (!), compelling the faculty to change the syllabus, hiring Communist teachers, turning research projects about the ghettoes over to authentic ghetto organizers, and teaching students and workers how to wage war against American imperialism. Needless to say, the democratic processes are all along ridiculed and discarded, and mentioned only as means of acquiring power for the "student soviets." Long before this stage, the university will apparently have ceased to serve as a "knowledge factory" for the military, the CIA, the manufacturers of warplanes and napalm. The end goal, writes Jeff Jones, is a new American Revolution, preparing the world revolution arm-in-arm with French and German leftist students, the Vietnam NFL and the entire Third World.

Such briefly is the background to the Berkeley and Brooklyn riots. Of student freedom, not a word. The Brooklyn evening student paper, *Ken*, quoted from Jeff Gordon's articles and found in them a link between red ideology and the College's "black Thursday." But the daytime paper, *Kingsman*, claimed editorially that this was irrelevant. No doubt the latter paper has its own reasons for not wanting to read the evidence and apply logic thereto. But what of the faculty and the administration which have had to do some homework in recent months and read this background literature of these "spontaneous" riots? For the *n*th time, they allow things to take their routine course; a committee is appointed, it meets with a student body and although the professor/chairman complains that this committee is not representative of the students, it occurs neither to him nor to his colleagues to interrupt this silly game. They obviously hope to drown the whole embarrassing affair in a morass of time-wasting meetings, committees, new rules and amendments to those rules. So we wait in this bureaucratic limbo until Jeff Gordon decides to implement the next phase, spelled out as usual in the *National Guardian*: the setting up of a counter-curriculum with courses in black history, Vietnam, anti-imperialism—or the initiation of mock trials of deans for "crimes against humanity."

One may suspect that the Red Guard literature quoted above is now in the files of Brooklyn College and elsewhere. Does this mean that colleges are learning how to deal with a situation the true facts of which they have been refusing to face for years? Possible, but not probable. My own, non-Marxian analysis is that the mass of students is easily ground into cannon fodder for the agitators, largely because its universe of discourse is substantially the same as that of the SDS. The permissive policy of the liberal Academy dissolves not only classroom discipline and the concept of learning, but also the structure of the university. Students whom the administration (at Yale, Brooklyn, NYU etc.) encourages to "evaluate" their professors, the popular ones being rewarded with money premiums, and to ask for consultative rights in the hiring and firing of staff, will end up by attacking the administration itself. For they recognize the latter's weakness, which sharpens their appetite. All that the ultra-Left need then supply is a more focused ideological goal and the technique of subversion.

Class struggle on campus—what an appealing rallying cry for students whose textbooks have for years been Franz Fanon on colonialism, Sartre on philosophy, LeRoi Jones and Jean Genet on the theater, and not least John Dewey on education. The agitators' job is easy indeed; for they find the administration, the liberal campus "bourgeoisie," as unresisting today as was the faculty (lumpenproletariat?) when the latter's authority was first undermined.

As surely as night follows day, a student sit-in is followed by administration cave-in.

Three Prophecies

Have you read Lenin lately? Lenin said
The *generals* would do the Germans in.
He prophesied disaster dead ahead
Once military planning ruled Berlin.
For England, Lenin traced a falling curve
Descending from the first Elizabeth:
With little on the island in reserve,
The kingdom would *expand* itself to death.
He also had a chilling word to say
About the way the likes of us would end.
America, he said, would pass away
Because of an obsessive urge to *spend.*
Two out of three so far! Quite a score
For someone who passed on in '24.

W. H. von Dreele

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Is No Civics Better Than Civics?

RUSSELL KIRK

IT IS A DOGMA of educationism, the Pelagian quasi-religion of America, that the public schools make young people into good citizens. With this end in view, in most high schools there exist courses for junior and senior students in American government, problems of democracy, citizenship, and the like—the advanced forms of the "civics" to which most young people have been exposed repeatedly in earlier grades.

But do these courses for juniors and seniors really inform students about politics, and interest them in political activity? Can the Dogma of Civics be an error? Being familiar with many of the dreary textbooks employed in such courses, and knowing the dullness of the approach to political theory and practice in many schools, I had long entertained certain heretical or schismatic doubts of the efficacy of high-school instruction in such subjects. Now I find my misgivings confirmed by a systematic study undertaken at the Survey Research Center, the Institute for Social Research, at the University of Michigan.

Kirk

THIS SURVEY IS entitled "Political Socialization and the High School Civics Curriculum in the United States," and its authors are Kenneth P. Langton and M. Kent Jennings. The Danforth Foundation subsidized this study, which is scheduled for publication in the *American Political Science Review* next September. The tentative version which I have in my possession is a careful and scientific analysis of whether these advanced civics courses accomplish their aim tolerably well. Some 1,669 high-school seniors, among 97 secondary schools, were interviewed; so was a parent of each student; so were many of these students' teachers.

Mr. Langton and Mr. Jennings endeavored to ascertain how much political knowledge was obtained through courses in civics; how much political interest aroused; "spectator politicization," or the degree to which civics courses stimulate attention to political content in the mass media; political discourse, or the frequency with which students come to discuss politics; political efficacy, or belief that the individual can influence political results; political cynicism, or mistrust of government (which civics courses try to discourage); civic tolerance; and "participative orientation," or the inculcation of willingness to take part in public affairs. On these eight heads, then, Langton and Jennings examined their random sample of students, parents, teachers and school administrators.

NOW TO WHAT DEGREE, do you suppose, gentle reader, was the knowledge and interest of juniors and seniors in civic concerns increased by these courses? Would you say that the social-science students interviewed by the Survey Research people should be 50 per cent better off than their peers who didn't enroll in "American government" or in "problems of democracy"? Is 50 per cent too much to expect? Ten per cent, perhaps? Would you believe 5 per cent?

Well, if you would, you shouldn't. For the typical student who has studied civics in his closing two years of high school *knows almost nothing more, and has almost no more interest in matters political,* than does his opposite number, the typical student who escaped enrollment in civics courses. The advantages of the student who has studied civics, in the phrase of the researchers, "border on the trivial. The highest positive eta coefficient is .06, and the highest partial beta is but .11 (for political knowledge)." To translate, Langton and Jennings have discovered that enrollment in a civics course confers only *1 per cent* more knowledge upon students exposed to such studies. On other heads than "political knowledge," the advantages reaped by students of civics are less than 1 per cent. In fine, the typical students gain next to nothing from these very expensive advanced civics programs.

Next to nothing? Why, that is to speak kindly. For one group of students did acquire a little knowledge and interest in politics from taking such courses: the Negro pupils. The Negro students didn't gain much from these courses, but they gained a little. Now if one were to eliminate the Negro students from this survey, it might become clear that the average white student *knows less* about political concerns, and *cares less,* after taking advanced courses in civics, than he would have known or cared had he never enrolled in such courses! It's not merely that our social-studies programs accomplish nothing, at least in their upper levels; worse, they positively bore the students into political ignorance and apathy.

INDEED, SAY Langton and Jennings, "the increments are so minuscule as to raise serious questions about the utility of investing in government courses in senior high school, at least as these courses are presently constituted. Furthermore, when we tested the impact of the history curriculum under the same control conditions it was as low as or lower than the civics curriculum."

These researchers suggest or imply some causes for this sorry state of social-studies instruction: the fact that most "advanced" civics courses are not advanced at all, but boringly repetitious of earlier courses; that they are got up without imagination or vigor; that the textbooks are dull and much of a sameness. Anyway, as matters stand now, your son or daughter would profit more from a course in camp cookery than from a course in problems of democracy—really.

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Wine in the Evening

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

Every now and then, a splendid revelation will hit a body like manna from heaven. Mine came upon me this last Christmastime and though, heaven knows, it wasn't anything not revealed to anybody before, it came as a most agreeable surprise to me and those I inveigled into sharing it. The revelation concerns drinking, and specifically, the drinking of wine.

Like most other citizens, we booze it up in the usual manner before and after dinner, keeping the wine for the food. I must say that experience has taught me not to serve my best Bordeaux or Moselles to those with four martinis in them, since by that stage they hardly know what they are drinking, or care, for that matter. For those occasions I reserve a good quality California gallon wine or some inexpensive Italian or Chilean import. I find that these inexpensive wines are far better than the French inexpensive wines, which trade upon American snobbery, and that they more than amply correspond to the "vins du pays" which have made travelers so happy in Europe. I especially recommend the California wines, which come in various low prices and which are as good a wine value as you can find anywhere. Those of us too refined to serve them in their own containers can put them into our best Waterford decanters. The taste is one you have to decide for yourself.

I got off the sauce last summer and fall in Europe, where there wasn't the time or money to indulge in the pause in the day's occupations known as the cocktail hour. For one thing, strong waters are expensive in Europe, the good ones that we know being available only in the most fashionable places. For another, locally made gins and whiskies are usually too awful to contemplate, and not cheap either. But even more than this, life among the people isn't geared to drinking before dinner. When you go out for dinner, or are invited to somebody's house, you'll eat within fifteen minutes of your arrival, and you are expected to be punctual. You may be given a little sherry or a little vermouth, but certainly it isn't serious drinking or even anything to count on. Of course you can do as the natives in Germany and Austria do, that is, meet for a "Daemmerschoppen," a drink with congenial souls in some restaurant or tavern, the way you would meet in a club. It is a charming old-fashioned habit, with the same table reserved for the same people, but alas, one that is dying out with the great distances from work to home that are now the rule, rather than the leisurely walk through the town. Here, too, the drink is not strong waters, but wine or beer.

It was the after-dinner drinking that struck me as most pleasant. Instead of bringing out the trusty whisky bottle as the evening progressed, the Germans and Austrians brought out bottles of wine. Or, if you met somebody after dinner in the evening, you would be given wine. Not that brandy or liqueurs would be withheld from a guest, heaven forbid; I am speaking of the long late hours when one's wit is supposed to wax irresistible.

Austrian and especially German wines are of course ideally suited to the purpose. In fact, the great German Moselles and Rhine wines must be drunk for their own sake rather than as food accompaniment. And let me tell you that all experts agree the best German white wines are the very best in the world, beating even the French. They are all that a white wine should be—delicate, with a definite flowery bouquet, a perfect balance between acidity and sweetness that you would recognize anywhere and weep over as one weeps over a perfect spring morning. The best German wines (brown bottles for Rhine wines, green ones for Moselles) can fetch an astonishing price—$40, $50 and more, since they may be literally made by hand, grape by grape, in a graded number of selections that take an enormous amount of labor and, what's more, depend on the year's weather more than other wines. But even the reasonably priced ones (and you can get a young Moselle for fine drinking from $2.50 to $3.50, to quote one example at random) are pleasant companions for a long evening.

The revelation that came upon my husband and me this last holy Yuletide was that even Americans can enjoy wine as their evening drink instead of the customary highballs. I personally have long been in the habit of drinking a "spritzer"—white wine and soda and, incidentally, the ideal summer drink before dinner. This year it surprised me that quite a number of men would share my modest tipple of their own free will. I can understand perfectly well how, as one glamorous gentleman who has converted from scotch to white wine pointed out to me, the pressures of American life are such that people need to shake down the day's tensions before they can even think of eating. It would be unkind to withhold the stuff from them that alone will iron out the curly edges of their spirit. However, in the food-and-drink surfeit of the Christmas season, it seemed that people wanted to have their drinks made light so that it was easy to persuade them to accept a glass or several of a good Moselle my husband had been given for Christmas. I would suggest a good-drinking young Moselle, not one of the great vintage wines that really must be drunk with reverence by people who care a great deal—a wine that is pleasure without effort. The conversation gained greatly and, as guest after guest reported, the morning after was rosy instead of bitter. We repeated the experience New Year's Eve, when four of us drank six bottles of Moselle after dinner, through the evening. It made us gay and sparked us to wit rather

(Continued on p. 101)

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In One More Generation

POUL ANDERSON

Get this book. Read it. Think about it. The matter concerns you in the most fundamental way.

This does not mean that my enthusiasm is unqualified. On the contrary, I shall have to express several major disagreements and caveats. But here we are offered the ideas of some very able professional thinkers (*nota bene*: thinkers, not "intellectuals") about the world that we are to live or die in through the next generation. You may not like the ideas, but you had better not ignore them.

Men have tried to know the future since before Cassandra. Their method has generally been one of two. First there is prophecy. Through divine inspiration, magic precognition, or whatever, the seer gets a direct view of what lies ahead in time. Second, more favored by the post-Renaissance era, there is prediction: a reasoning-out of what will happen as a consequence of what is now in existence. One thinks of such stories as Wells' "The Land Ironclads," predicting the use of armored vehicles in warfare, and of any number of solemn writings whose more or less distinguished authors have told us what the next twenty-five, or fifty, or a hundred, or a million years must inevitably be like.

The trouble is that, while it has been correct about a few things, prediction as a whole has no better record of success than prophecy. Quite probably its record is worse.

In considering the remainder of our century, Herman Kahn and Anthony Wiener have avoided both approaches. They make no claim to prophetic insight, nor do they hold that anything they foresee is bound to occur. Rather, they suggest various logical possibilities. But they treat each of these with much greater thoroughness than even the best predictors have been wont to do. The result is an often disturbing, always important examination of what we may face.

It might have been expected of these men. After all, by daring to think rationally about thermonuclear war, Kahn has earned himself a place in the Left-liberal demonology right next to Edward Teller. His present co-author and associate in his Hudson Institute (which exists to do this kind of analysis) has had a similar career.

The Year 2000: A Framework for Speculation on the Next Thirty-Three Years, by Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener; Introduction by Daniel Bell. Macmillan, $9.95

THE YEAR 2000 IS THE opening work of what will be a whole series of studies of its topic. Hence it is naturally limited in scope, and represents a compromise. On the one hand, it might have dealt with a great many near futures, wildly different from each other. (Suppose, for example, that the science fiction story of Frederik Pohl's should come true, in which the Cao Dai sect wins converts throughout Asia.) But then the treatment of each would have been so superficial as to be valueless. On the other hand, it might have depicted one "most probable" future in enormous detail. But the authors understand how vanishingly unlikely it is that any such schema will be realized. (Thus, by 1937 or so, everybody could see World War Two looming; but who anticipated its grotesque aftermath?)

What they actually do is, first, to use historical perspective and scientific-technological extrapolation to construct a "standard world" in which their "surprise-free" forecasts have come true. The description is generalized rather than going into particulars. This world has suffered no major catastrophes like an unlimited conflict of the ABC type or a famine involving many nations at once. Population has grown, but—surprisingly to me—the most plausible value derived from present trends turns out to be somewhere around 6.5 billion. Bad enough, I would say, but not intolerable. Rivalries between the great powers and the lesser ones continue, but have not erupted into total war, though there may have been some clashes that involved some use of nuclear weapons. Advances in fields like cybernetics and medicine are spectacular in retrospect, but have not been such as to revolutionize society overnight. In short, while Kahn and Wiener see change continuing rapidly during the near future, it will be less radical than in the immediate past, if only because so many radical changes have already occurred that we have yet to assimilate.

Nevertheless, this world has its share of sorrows. One of the best things in the whole book is a thoughtful discussion of how far alienation may go as a direct result of social-technical developments, what forms it might take and what might perhaps be done to alleviate it.

To be sure, the projection involves some highly debatable suppositions. For instance, the authors frankly take it for granted that economics will be managed along Keynesian or post-Keynesian lines, and that this will not lead to collapse. They do not consider the possibility of other kinds of collapse either, e.g. in China or India, though some think these catastrophes have already begun to happen. But then, the standard world is not presented as *the* future, only as a basis for further inquiry.

ON THAT BASIS, several "canonical variations" are shown, ranging from an essentially stable situation where problems are being coped with, to different kinds of advanced social disintegration. The latter depictions make the book especially valuable, in that they show how the nightmares may come to pass if nothing is accomplished by way of prevention. One of the most chilling things you will ever read is Frank Armbruster's contributed account of a 1975-1985 period in which the United States has allowed its protest marchers to become an establishment. Or perhaps you will be

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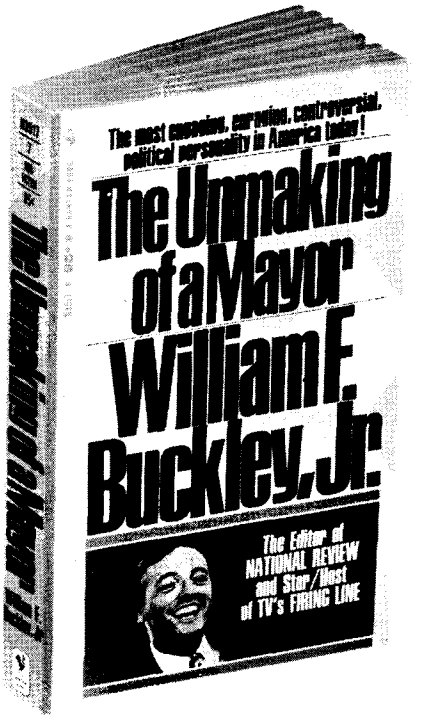
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The Unmaking of a Mayor
William F. Buckley, Jr.
The Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW and Star/Host of TV's FIRING LINE

"THE UNMAKING OF A MAYOR" is a book for *all* Americans concerned with the *truth* about spiralling crime rates, high taxes, minority-group pressures — the terrible dilemma of our cities, where fully 70% of us now live and work.

You won't find Ivory Tower theories here: Buckley put on the gloves and entered the ring in the nation's largest city. He learned at *first hand* what the problems are, how little is being done to solve them — just what happens when anyone speaks out on the *real* issues.

Buckley writes with the power and authority gained from that experience. He does *not* write as a politician. He does *not* step gingerly to avoid famous toes. He is free to name names, report the facts, describe the action from the *inside* of one of the most bitterly fought political campaigns ever. More, this big book (360 pages*) is crammed with information, ideas and insights that can be profitably applied to every city in the land — including the one *you* live in!

Here Is Sample

Here is just a sampling of what you will find in this explosive book:

● **Can a conservative candidate expect fair treatment from hostile big-city newspapers?** You'll be amazed by chapter-and-verse revelations here: Buckley pinpoints – on issue after issue – just what was *really* said and done, and what was reported. In one fascinating chapter he tells how even a tape recording of his speech (to New York's Police Communion Breakfast) could not induce the *Herald-Tribune* to correct its incredibly slanted reportage.

● **Can Race and Religion be kept out of politics?** Buckley shows how *both* were injected into the campaign by the very people who decried prejudice, and how *anything* said about the issues which naturally concerned the vast majority of New Yorkers was alleged to be thinly-veiled bigotry. (Example: ". . . the Conservative candidate came right out in the open on crime in the streets, drug addiction, protest demonstrations and all the other code words for race prejudice." – Joseph Kraft, New York *Post*.)

● **What is the real effect of Welfare Programs?** Huge Welfare expenditures make New York City's budget second only to the Federal government's — yet Buckley shows conclusively why and how these giant give-aways are a major reason for the city's decline (see especially the section "New York Is Not Hong Kong").

● **The "Position Papers":** The Buckley campaign brought forward a whole series of proposals ("needlepointed," *Time* called them) for solving a big city's most pressing problems — including crime, narcotics, business taxes, education, school busing — yet much of the press let the public hear almost *nothing* about them.

● **The Republican Party:** Buckley faces squarely the dilemma of the Republicans in Democratic-controlled big cities. Admitting the tremendous difficulties involved, he argues persuasively against the current Republican vogue for abandoning principles to win elections. (Many observers have concluded that Buckley's own campaign proves that the *opposite* is more likely to be smart politics!)

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This exciting book is so filled with fascinating portraits of political personalities and organizations that it is impossible even to list the highlights. But in these pages you will find out:

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3) How the Conservative Party began.
4) Why Buckley was accused of being "anti-Catholic."
5) How President Johnson was provoked into last-minute support of Bobby Kennedy's candidate.
6) Who raised the Communist issue?
7) Why Buckley refused to march in the Pulaski Day parade.

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still more appalled by the dangers to privacy; electronic bugging and central data files are only two of them. The cool, rational treatments of such "scenarios" make them all the more monitory.

PARADOXICALLY, THAT reasonableness may be the principal flaw in the book. No doubt it was unavoidable if the purpose was to be achieved. But it requires unspoken assumptions—e.g., that Communist countries are countries in the traditional sense, with needs and deeds not too alien to ours—which are quite false to fact at present and, I think, will remain so for a long while at best. This vitiates a certain amount of the ensuing discussion.

You will also be put off by occasionally slipshod grammar and proofreading, and by phrases like "those oriented to the cultural heritage—whether they are unschooled conservatives or liberal, literary intellectuals." But these are trivia. In the long run, Kahn and Wiener are on our side. Their book concludes: "What is necessary is an unflagging respect for the world as we find it and for dissent and diversity, even for ornery individual stubbornness. . . . Above all, there must be a concern for perpetuating those institutions that protect freedom of human choice—not only for today's individuals . . . but more important, for those who will follow us . . . who . . . would not want to find that we have already—unnecessarily and unwisely—foreclosed their choices and altered their natural and social world irretrievably."

The Year 2000 shows that, like the older machine technology, the powerful new technology of the mind can serve good rather than evil, if only we will take the trouble to master it.

With a Long Spoon

GUY DAVENPORT

THE GREAT NOVELISTS are always magnificently impartial. Tolstoy is as Olympian as Homer. Cervantes looks at mankind as presumably an angel does, calmly, beyond surprise, nodding with equal interest at anything and everything. But man is not an angel and partiality slips in. Tolstoy grieves for man; Cervantes wags a warning finger when he isn't trying to hide a wide grin. Flaubert spits in disgust, in spite of his promise to remain impassive. Utter impassivity is probably impossible; the novelist might as well give up the pretense and keep his bandanna out as much as Dickens.

The one plausibly unmoved and unmovable novelist is John Henry O'Hara. Not once in 33 years has he flinched. He has all the sentimentality of an executioner, the charisma of a cottonmouth mocassin. His bosom beneath its coils of barbed wire is spiked and mined. So comprehensive a misanthropy would be entertaining and could be dismissed if it were not for the disturbing fact that John O'Hara knows humanity with a justice that can scarcely be questioned. There is no meanness in the man; he is as honest and as guileless as the very air.

O'Hara's art conceals itself as successfully as the paint out of which Cézanne made rocks and trees. He graphs action with nonchalant dead accuracy. He records speech better than any man in the trade. He knows the flavor and tone and vulgar significance of everything, just as it lives in its natural context; his fingers are perfectly familiar with all the goods of this world, sacred and profane. When he writes a novel, he first requires of the story he is to tell that it fall together of its own momentum and be as real as any accident happening outside your window at the moment. He then requires that the catastrophe be general enough to locate the viciousness of man in a recognizable frame. The uncommon is romantic and therefore lacquered by its own rarity. O'Hara deals only in the mundane and the flat. He adds nothing and subtracts very little. The strength of O'Hara's art is that it doesn't seem to be art but life itself—which isn't, we tell ourselves, what we want when we read a novel. We want imagination, uplift, wisdom, courage. These, Mr. O'Hara might reply, come from the deepening of understanding, and understanding follows from seeing clearly. The artist shows; that is his whole deftness.

The Instrument is, uncharacteristically, about an artist, a playwright who hits success with his first play, caroms into bed with the producer's wife, and disappears into remotest New England to write another play, breaking there one heart and one neck. This, as O'Hara has remarked elsewhere, is the age of the Jerk. The hero of *The Instrument* is a consummate jerk and solid brass bastard. The world is his instrument, as he has never doubted, and, of course, as he has never noticed. He is, we gather, an excellent playwright; O'Hara isn't about to admit that understanding people well enough to mimic them has anything to do with the humanistic values we so cavalierly assume of the artist. To understand is to forgive nothing. Indeed, Mr. O'Hara's protagonist specializes in unlovable people whose speech is azure and whose lives have all the significance of the existence of a house-fly. But the world is willingly his instrument, even joyfully at times. If we think we can detect an occasional *Stupid!* from under Mr. O'Hara's breath, we are wrong; he is merely sighing with the labor of having got an effect just so. The world, he is willing to say, is sad and lost and alive.

MR. MORTON GROSSER, beside Mr. O'Hara, is an irrepressible adolescent, grinning through chipmunk teeth and jumping up and down in his tracks. Mr. Grosser, like the hero of his novel, is a scientist, which means among other things that he meets his vision of evil with a surprised *Gee!* Some people—e.g., John O'Hara—have been touched with the coldest hand nature has to offer; others, and Mr. Grosser shines among them, know only a warm hand, whether it buffet or caress. *The Hobby Shop* is a warm tale. It is not, however, tushery, and is as plausible, thank God, as Mr. O'Hara's icy blackness. The story is a simple one, about a scientist who begins his life over after the death of

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***The Instrument,* by John O'Hara. Random House, $5.95**

***The Hobby Shop,* by Morton Grosser. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95**

***The Master and Margarita,* by Mikhail Bulgakov. Harper, $5.95**

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his wife. He abandons the rat-race of the academy, buys a hobby shop for teen-agers, marries a charming girl, ceases to fret that his son has given up medicine for the stage, and presumably lives happily ever after.

I don't see why not. The scientist keeps his childhood; his chemistry set under the Christmas tree becomes the lab in which he spends his life. All other callings of genius require a *metanoia,* a rebirth or conversion. The Proust who wrote the novel was not the Proust the novel was about. The Niels Bohr who chased George Gamow around the first atomic reactor with a dimestore cap-pistol was the same Niels Bohr who sat in his rompers on the nursery floor, coloring a tiger green. Wittgenstein, Turing, Nermi, Heisenberg, Einstein, Newton —in what sense did they ever grow up? Lewis Carroll, Descartes, Edison, divine *naifs* all. Add Goethe to the list.

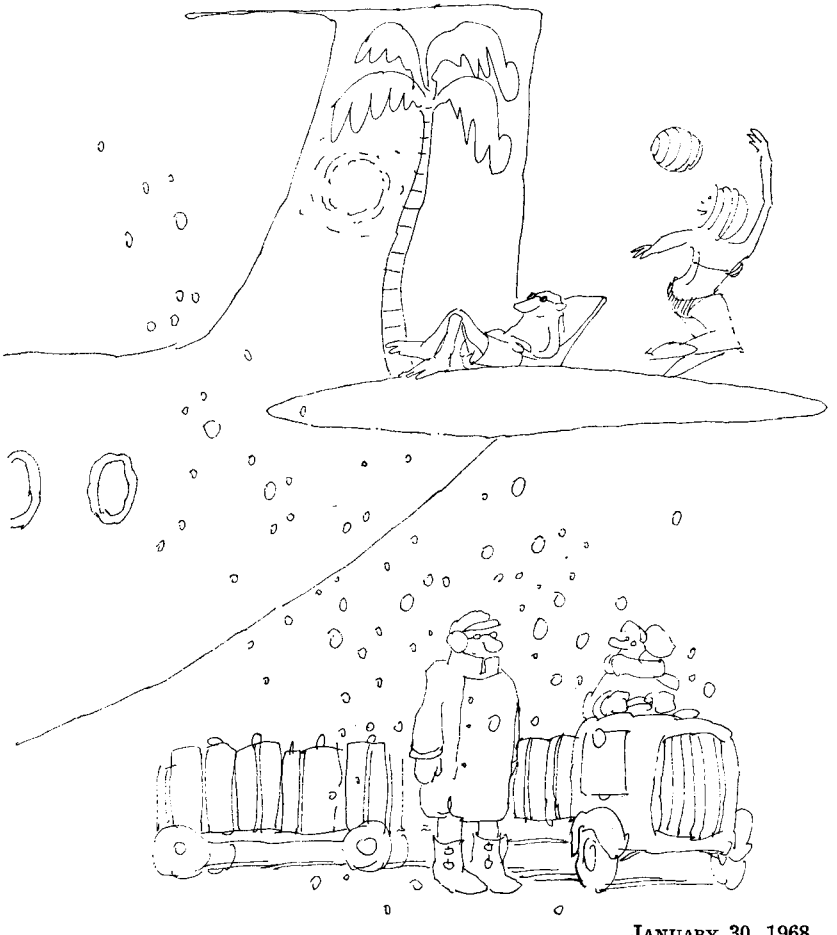
The scientist must live in a decent regimen; he is neat and simple and uncomplex; hence C.P. Snow's vision of him as clean and blond and honest (whereas poets smell and have superfluous hair and live in immortal squalor). When he stumbles over the evil of the world, that is, into the realm where the poet breathes his every breath, he is naturally appalled and like Mr. Grosser's hero sets out to help misguided children or, like Niels Bohr, disturbed by the bomb he brought into existence, suggests to Roosevelt and Churchill that the recipe for atomic fission be forthwith given to all nations, so that they can build beautiful big happy atomic reactors for irrigating deserts, canning fruit, and air-conditioning Africa.

BUT BACK TO THE REALM of evil. Enter the Devil himself accompanied by a cat with a smoking revolver. Enter many Muscovites, the more pompous of them tending to bear the names of Romantic composers (Berlioz, Rimsky), the most interesting of them, a novelist, being known simply as The Master. These are all, except for the Devil of course, the creation of the Russian Mikhail Afanasievich Bulgakov (1891-1940), whose short notice in the Soviet Encyclopedia lists him as a minor writer guilty of insulting the Russian people. His works were withdrawn in 1929. From then until his death he worked on *The Master and Margarita,* which was published last year by the Russian magazine *Moskva* in a version that deleted all reference to the police, spies, civil liberties, theft, executions, housing shortages, the government, the immortality of the soul, cowardice, censorship, cursing, alcoholism, nudity, sexual desire, and brothels. (A translation of this version can be had, curiously, from Grove Press.) The uncut manuscript was snuck out of the country and published in an Italian translation, and now Harper has issued an English version, which, needless to say, is a fatter book than the one *Moskva* and Grove Press have to offer.

Bulgakov's novel is really two novels, one by Bulgakov and one by his protagonist The Master. The novel-within-a-novel causes raucous trouble in its fictional Moscow just as the real novel has obligingly mirrored the author's satiric thrust and got into trouble in the real Moscow. The trouble with The Master's novel, which is reproduced entire, is that it is about Pontius Pilate, a very real historical figure, who once faced at a tribunal a young man named Yeshua (Greek Iesous, Latin Jesus) who, according to the *Kommunistichyeskaya Partiya Sovyetskovo Soyuza,* didn't exist.

IN BULGAKOV'S NOVEL everyone is faced with a very real Monsieur Woland, Magician, alias The Prince of Darkness, who according to the Communist Party, doesn't exist either. The impact of Bulgakov's satire can be seen easily by Americans who remember the visits of the elvish Comrade Khrushchev; he mentioned the Devil with a great regularity. Naturally, it was a figure of speech, a quaint vestige of the Hon. Chairman's peasant origins. The Russian dictionary at my elbow lists two words for devil, one for God, and Freudianizes that: *god,* it says, is in Russian *bog;* look in the other half of the dictionary to see *bog* defined as *God.* May Bog look after the lexicographer in Siberia.

The Devil's visit to Moscow as imagined by Mikhail Bulgakov is a novel of unmistakable greatness. It has the clarity and energy of the best Russian writers of the nineteenth century, and we might not be too far into enthusiasm to say that it has the ability, like *Don Quijote,* to live far beyond its context, and for a long time. As a creator of characters as



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full-bodied as Mr. Micawber or Uriah Heep, Bulgakov is superb; and his genius for fantasy seems to come from the same well-springs as Russian folklore. He is not a bad theologian, either. It will be a while before the Russians for whom it was written will be allowed to read this delightful book; meanwhile, there is much that we can learn from it, too.

Urban Contradictions

CHRISTOPHER NICHOLS

THE DISPARITY between the American dream and the American reality is most humiliatingly revealed in big cities. Hubert Humphrey won't admit it, but the American dream has severe democratic limitations. Give us your tired and your poor, we might say, but for God's sake send them reasonably able to stand on their own two feet. Few politicians say that overtly; their public posture is reflected in Jean R. Lowe's title, *Cities in a Race with Time,* which rings with that "onward and upward at any cost" tone. Cities in a race with time, however, may well lose the race. For decent city life is not a contest against simply time and numbers, but a contest of values between the American dream's traditional promises and the country's current methods of trying to make good the promises. If it's not a Great Society, then a Good one, or a Good but Complex one, or one that's preferable to Russia's or China's, at least. If you don't swing with Stokely, that is.

From titan builder Robert Moses to patrician planner Edmund Bacon, from tycoon William Zeckendorf to billionaire Richard Mellon, Miss Lowe (a journalist and former urban consultant to the Ford Foundation) sprinkles cameos of national urban movers and shakers among her comprehensive study of major big city problems and programs. The only trouble with her stoutly documented history is that she rarely questions the basic ideological underpinnings which have prevailed in the handling of urban ills for decades. Her premise is the same old foregone liberal conclusion: the poor and needy pile in and cry out for aid; we must sprint to stay in place; reach for Title One and hope to profit from past mistakes. Rarely does she admit the city structure's glaring limitations. Never does she question the concept of urban "democracy" as a glaringly fallible social service industry. The welfare state is it. Period. We may piously lament riots; lustily confess momentary inadequacies (We will be better tomorrow, Lord—if the subsidy comes through), but never must the cherished ham-strings of the democratic dream and its liberal interpretations be challenged. Vigorously, Miss Lowe deplores the middle-class exodus from the central city, but never does she suggest staunching the flood of rural poor into the ever-widening slums. She may go along with a subsidy for farm workers, but a residency requirement for welfare recipients?

***Cities in a Race with Time,* by Jean R. Lowe. Random House, $10**

HER BOOK is valuable, however. She compiles a cool history of America's use-and-abuse ethic towards its resources and meticulously charts the show-cases and chambers of horror in urban resurrection and sprawl over the decades. Urban renewal revealed the poor on a national scale, but its disasters also revealed "how poorly equipped Americans are to create better cities." She looks willingly beyond the bricks-and-mortar programs to the *Gestalt* of urban existence, but basically in only one direction. Missing is the raw reality that our cities are developing (and exploding) against such a concerted campaign of liberty and justice for all that crime is up almost 50 per cent in the past six years, while restrictions on law enforcement and legal proceedings must be up something like 300 per cent. The banner and picket sign "legitimatize" violence and create an atmosphere of violence-without-guilt (or punishment); riots rifle the public and political conscience with short-range social blackmail. Penny-dreadful prophets and demagogues improvise through media on a national scale. Would *you* want to be a cop in New York, now recently instructed that you may use your track shoes but not your gun to stop a fleeing rapist or burglar? (And *re* riots, the "chemical mace" may be no solution; just wait until the ACLU mounts its historic case against the cruel and unconscionable gas warfare on crime.)

Coughing and sneezing in New York, to an orchestration of auto horns, jack hammers and occasional screams, one reads hopefully in Miss Lowe's book about how Pittsburgh's banker-politico coalition scrubbed the smog from the steel city's skies, or how Philadelphia's planners saved much of its picturesque colonial heritage while removing blight, or how New Haven's crime-ridden Oak Street was renewed to lovely lawfulness, or how Southwest Washington's slums were dozed and dandyfied. And it's wonderful. Exemplary New Haven lent needy New York so much talent, Mayor Richard Lee quipped to Mayor John Lindsay: "I don't know what New York is going to do when New Haven runs out of men." But Lee wept before the press after his Model City's riots. Newark's welfare record was impressive, but Newark blew. Mayor Cavanagh was the liberal press's urban Beau Brummel, but Detroit exploded, or was lit.

Negative carping is the curse of conservatives. But, while Miss Lowe's narrative has an impressive heft and scope, it refuses to venture into the very areas that may be more crucial to urban existence than slum clearance and better housing projects. We may uphold, according to America's ideals, Rap's right to tell it like it is, but the infectious feedback of that freedom may be more critical to society than the time and the demographer's bogey Miss Lowe fears. In the cybernetics of city living, sedition is just as poisonous as slums. If we continue to view the urban problem as just a race with time, we may finish with the starter's gun pointed at our head.

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The GOP Today

ROBERT E. BAUMAN

FOR EVERY POLITICO, amateur or pro, this book can be an excellent primer for election year 1968. Where else can one find ten pages of print on "the NATIONAL REVIEW crowd" detailing how it influences national GOP affairs? (The *NR* gang, say the authors, includes William F. Buckley Jr., William A. Rusher, Frank S. Meyer, Young Americans for Freedom, The American Conservative Union, Rep. John Ashbrook, most of the Young Republican National Federation and its ruling "Syndicate," F. Clifton White, and most of the old Goldwater movement.) Bill Buckley is called an "institution" and "by all odds the pre-eminent figure of the New Right." According to Hess and Broder, conservative Republicans come off with extremely high marks in organizational talent, political savvy and actual control of the party apparatus.

The Republican Establishment is the journalistic product of Dave Broder, chief political reporter for the *Washington Post*, and Steve Hess, one-time aide on President Eisenhower's staff. The book gives a carefully detailed and usually accurate account of the Republican Party at this moment in its history, its leaders, semi-leaders, and power centers. The first part of the book is devoted to a complete rundown on national GOP politics, including prominent individuals in and out of Congress, the Republican National Committee, financiers, and "intellectuals, left and right." The last third of the book deals with a regional and state-by-state analysis of local GOP politics.

By far the most interesting section is a four-chapter survey of the principal contenders for the GOP nomination as the authors see them (Rockefeller is not included). Their over-all view of Romney is summed up in the anti-Romney barb, "Deep down, he's shallow." Senator Percy of Illinois comes off as an antiseptic

***The Republican Establishment,* by Stephen Hess and David S. Broder. Harper, $7.95**

Random Notes

● OF INTEREST: Harcourt has announced, for publication next summer, a four-volume edition of *The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell.* Most of the material is previously ungathered. With the permission of Orwell's widow (now *Ramparts* Magazine's European correspondent) and contrary to the expressed wish of Orwell himself, John Aldridge of the University of Michigan is at work on a bulky biography for publication by Simon & Schuster in 1969 or 1970. . . . Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s *Up from Liberalism* will be reissued, with a new preface, in March (Arlington House, $5). . . . Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker's *Fighting the Flying Circus,* originally published in 1919, is being reissued as an Avon paperback (95 cents). . . . *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang* is a new anthology of Pauline Kael's film criticism (Little-Brown, April).

Several Dashiell Hammett short stories, collected in book form as *The Big Knockover* and *$106,000 Blood Money,* have been acquired for filming by Metro. . . . The redoubtable Julia Child has *The French Chef Cookbook,* a book version of her popular TV series, coming from Knopf in April. Her *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* has sold 250,000 copies; a second volume is due in 1969. *Bon Appetit!* . . . Walter D. Edmonds (remember *Drums Along the Mohawk?*) has written *The Musket and the Cross,* a hefty history of the struggle between Britain and France over North America (Little-Brown, March, $10).

● REPRINTS: To celebrate its bicentennial, the Encyclopedia Britannica is carefully reprinting its very first edition. The three volumes are leather-bound, with the text photographically reproduced on artificially foxed paper. Available in 1968, at $79.50. . . . Arno Press, source of many high-priced reissues, is cooperating with the *New York Times* to publish, in 35 volumes, *Eyewitness Accounts of the American Revolution* ($276.50 plus freight; $250 until March 15). Also from Arno, this time in cooperation with That Store: *The Abercrombie & Fitch Library,* a collection of thirty sporting and adventure classics of the nineteenth century including *The Voyage of the Liberdale* by Capt. Joshua Slocum, the Sir Francis Chichester of those days.

● GLOOM: Gore Vidal's next novel is called *Myra Breckenridge* (Little-Brown, February). . . . James Boyd, the thieving bookkeeper who tattled on his boss and was knighted by Dr*w P**rs*n, has written *Above the Law: The Rise and Fall of Senator Thomas J. Dodd* (New American Library, February). . . . The second volume of Bertrand Russell's autobiography is due May 18 (his 96th birthday). . . . The AP's Bill Boyarsky has written a hostile biography of Ronald Reagan; Random House will publish next spring. . . . Scribners offers *Asian Diary* by (can you wait?) Mrs. (this'll *kill* you!) Harrison (c'mon, just guess!) Salisbury (jeez!).

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young man, a bit too cute, and rather patent in his intentions for his programmed future. Hess and Broder won't speculate on whether California Governor Ronald Reagan ought to be President, but they make it plain that they think he is a major contender and must be taken seriously. In a review of the Reagan record, the authors build a picture of a man who knows what he believes and, more important, how to communicate those beliefs.

THE MOST PENETRATING portrait is that of Richard Nixon, who gave the authors a personal interview, as he does so often these days with political writers. Hess-Broder conclude that the former Vice President is the "true political animal" whose ambition to be President is the driving force in his life. "The thing I enjoy is the battle itself," says Nixon. In chronicling the staff problems of the new Nixon organization, the authors note that the 1968 candidate may be repeating what many consider his fatal weakness in 1960, running the whole show himself. About his thoughts on conservatives, Nixon tells the authors, "They don't like me, but they tolerate me."

Just whom conservatives will "tolerate" as their candidate for President in 1968 is very much an open question as the new year begins, but the Hess/Broder book goes a long way toward providing the basic education necessary to understand GOP politics.

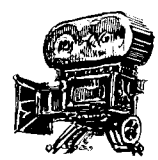
Movies in Brief

RICHARD CORLISS

BOB DYLAN—DON'T LOOK BACK is a record of the singer-songwriter's concert tour of Britain in the spring of 1965. "The only tune my guitar can play is, Oh the cruel rain and the wind," Dylan says in one of his early songs, and the image of Dylan in his music ("A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall," "Blowin' in the Wind," "Like a Rolling Stone," "Desolation Row") and his interviews is of a cynical weirdo whose furious sounds signify everything and mean nothing, and whose press conferences are directed toward demolishing responsible journalism. The film gives us a different impression. If Dylan occasionally puts people on or down, it is because he feels (probably rightly) unjustly put upon. Dylan seems rarely to have a moment's peace from either his potential hangmen or his actual hangers-on. At times he retreats into the world of his music, oblivious to the chatter of his friends; at other times, he strikes out at reporters who know only that he "performs folk songs." And although Dylan lets filmmaker D. A. Pennebaker's camera see his engaging façade, Dylan conceals more than he reveals, for Pennebaker is but another inquiring journalist, whose asset is that he asks no questions about the "real" Dylan, and whose liability is that he gets no answers.

Each of three recent films deals lyrically with a young person's first love affair and ends in tragedy—that, plus a common standard of excellence, unites *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Elvira Madigan* and *Closely Watched Trains*. Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde*, the best American film of the year (admittedly by default), takes us on a jaunty jalopy ride through the Depression-parched Dust Bowl region with a quintet of bucolic bank robbers—led by Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker—until, suddenly, the vehicle backfires and we find ourselves smack up against the equivalent of an American tragedy (since, like most American characters, Bonnie and Clyde are more pathetic than tragic): an American pathedy. From there on, our necks and sensibilities have been so twisted that we feel guilty for having laughed along with the Barrow Gang. But Penn has another test for our shock absorbers: a brutal, beautiful murder sequence that combines the carnage of *Titus Andronicus* with the delicacy of *Swan Lake*. The film has flaws: Clyde's impotence, exorcised by Boninei just before the shoot'em-up, is conquered too facilely—it just misses the ludicrous comeuppance that climaxed *The Family Way*—and a scene of reunion with Bonnie's mother, photographed through a filter, draws attention to Penn and away from the characters. But the cast (especially Warren Beatty, *mirabile dictu*) gives an exceptional ensemble performance, and the film has the dual force of a first kiss and a bullet in the groin. Your disposition will determine which memory lingers longer.

A LACK of dramatic force is the only flaw in *Elvira Madigan*, based, like *Bonnie and Clyde*, on a true, extra-legal love affair. Although director Bo Widerberg (pronounced "Boo *Veed*uhberry") makes it clear from the start that his lovers—a young Swedish count and a younger continental tight-rope walker—are doomed to end their lives in a suicide pact, the film moves at a disconcertingly flaccid pace. Once accustomed to the leisurely exposition, however, you will surely find the film as lovely and winning as Pia Degermark, a girl who had never acted before (and does not intend to again). Miss Degermark's Elvira offers brilliant contrast to the dark, moody Count Sixten of Thommy Berggren, the best (and, incidentally, most American) young actor in Swedish films. *Elvira Madigan* is also distinguished by an ecstatic and controlled use of color, an appropriate Mozart-Vivaldi score, and the absence of a single nude scene. To repeat: a Swedish film with no nudity! (Minnesota readers please note.)



CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS is the best Czech film to be released here (a few even better ones have been perversely overlooked by our myopic distributors)—much funnier and more poignant than those bloated favorites, *Loves of a Blonde* and *The Shop on Main Street*. The *jeune premier* of this tragi-comedy works at a Bohemian train station during the Second World War, where patriots are trying to smuggle people and arms past the German occupiers. As difficult as it might seem to cache a Czech in these closely watched trains, we expect the good guys to get through, but director Jiri Menzel (pronounced "*Yir*zhi *Men*shel") puts us through several changes, with the aid of some deftly-applied fey humor and raunchy comedy, and tops it with a dénouement that stuns us as much as, but without the explicit violence of, *Bonnie and Clyde*. Mere listing, even with phonetic spelling, could hardly do justice to the cast, so let us simply

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congratulate them on their performances, and on their good luck in being in a film community that has produced many of the best of recent films and looks to produce even more.

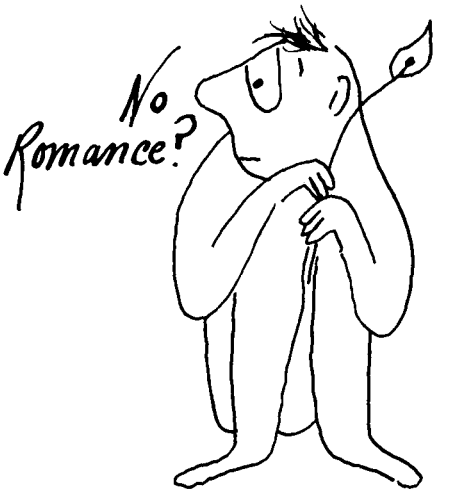
WAR IS HELL—are we agreed? So few people agree on anything about Richard Lester's *How I Won the War* that it's probably best to begin discussion with a noncontroversial statement. Lester, who made *The Knack* and the Beatles films, likes this picture, calling it "the film I want to be remembered for"; United Artists, the company that stands to be *War*'s profiteer, doesn't like it, so, for the American premiere, UA interred it in two small New York theaters that regularly feature Yugoslavian film festivals and Laird Cregar retrospectives. Critics have either raved about the film or at it. Audiences are responding with prolonged laughter or outraged boos. Both reactions are incorrect: *How I Won the War* is not a poor film, but it's not funny either. Slapstick action, old music-hall routines and caricatures of war-movie types abound, but they are used for evoking horror, not humor. In his attempt to show the hellishness of war and the obscenity of films glorifying war, Lester seems to have taken Joan Littlewood's *Oh What a Lovely War!*, a musical satire on World War I (and all wars), as his model, substituting World War II (and all wars). *How I Won the War* is biting and ballsy —probably the bitterest war film made for commercial exhibition——but, though its heart is in the right place, its mind is not. No alternative is offered, for example, to a country that must defend its life, liberty and property against the designs of another country. This makes Lester's argument as emotional and one-sided as, say, Leni Riefenstahl's magnificent record of a Nazi rally, *The Triumph of the Will*: both films are technically stunning, impressively mounted and illogically persuasive. But they offer solutions too facile for the complexity of the problems. It should be added that the large cast is excellent, with Michael Crawford, Michael Hordern, Ronald Lacey, Jack McGowran and Karl Michael Vogler especially good, and John Lennon a bit out of his class.

A brief word should be said against Conrad Rooks' *Chappaqua*: it's awful. This wouldn't be worth saying if the film hadn't been extravagantly praised (extravagant in that it was praised at all) by most of the respectable press in a continuing and pathetic attempt to be hip. "A perfect evocation of the psychedelic experience," said a critic who wouldn't know a psychedelic experience if he tripped over one. Rooks, heir to the Avon fortune (the cosmetics manufacturer, not Anthony Eden), wrote, produced, directed and starred in the picture to keep himself from slipping back into drug addiction, which had consumed ten of his 32 years, and assembled a motley crew (including Jean-Louis Barrault, Allen Ginsberg and Ravi Shankar) to assist him. When the film isn't inept, it's atrocious: Rooks somehow cozened Barrault, the delicate and profound mime of that greatest of French films, *Children of Paradise*, into frugging as a background for an egregious mime performance by Rooks. One doesn't begrudge Rooks the right to have his story told on film, only that he should be the one to tell it, for he has no talent other than one for self-publicity. The heartbreaking fact is that many great directors (Jean Renoir, Ermanno Olmi, René Clair, Leni Riefenstahl) are unable to raise even $200,000 to make a film, while pretentious hacks like Rooks continue to turn out mind-contracting muck like *Chappaqua*.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

REAGAN: *A Political Biography*, by Lee Edwards (Viewpoint Books, $1). The electoral victories of Ronald Reagan proved that reports of conservatism's demise had been greatly exaggerated. They also supplied the Republican Party with its most interesting major personality in many a decade. Seldom has a political figure been pushed to the forefront of Presidential speculation so rapidly and with such apparent success. How and why it happened is the subject of an informative and well-assembled book which yields the conclusion that Reagan's appeal derives from what he says quite as much as from his justly celebrated way of saying it. The Cali-

(Continued on p. 99)



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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of the United States	46 178 153 42 87 60 108 21 111
B. One of Canada's provinces	123 168 136 77 37 71 109 23
C. A city in Rhode Island	65 44 180 3 208 93 112 143 160
D. Affixing	110 154 166 135 120 63 83 185 26
E. The Athens of the South (city, state)	127 1 22 24 30 41 53 105 117 145 161
	169 172 194 213 58 64 68
F. A city in Iowa	170 157 216 12 211 101 150 19 174
G. A city in WORD A	175 195 94 84 197 224 184 13 102
H. Where the Mayo clinic is located	182 4 130 50 198 155 95 212 121
I. A pompous, self-satisfied, and inflexible person	209 2 52 72 81 96 103 119 220 43 69
	132
J. Unscramble YEA T. R. BOYS	215 126 173 191 223 163 55 14 8
K. One of the United States	6 217 67 34 56 144 200 167 38
L. Ouida's true first name	15 66 57 171 125 188
M. Redact	31 97 122 201
N. A river that flows through Mississippi and Alabama	62 98 203 115 129 28 193 7 221

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Femur	86 73 210 9 79 116 29 151 133
P. A city in Texas, on the Rio Grande	92 204 137 45 35 99 131 75 156
Q. A commutator	107 47 10 80 205 32 114 88 100
R. Where Charles Martel (not Charles de Gaulle) defeated the Saracens	139 48 162 147 91
S. A member of a Russian political party before the Communists took over	146 16 219 159 207 218 202 138 196
T. Capital where none but a Republican has just become governor	39 141 176 33 20 82 181 189 148
U. Another city in WORD A	51 142 76 183 192 164 222
V. Spoke enigmatically	113 149 190 104 17 206 225
W. Ponti di sospiri	158 5 25 54 61 85 90 40 70 74 78
	187 214
X. The valley of the Inn River in Switzerland	165 36 134 18 177 152 11 106
Y. What some people have for breakfast	179 27 59 89 118 124 128 140 186 199 49

■	■	1 E	2 I	3 C	4 H	5 W	6 K	7 N	8 J	■	9 O	10 Q	11 X	12 F	13 G	14 J	15 L
■	16 S	17 V	18 X	19 F	20 T	■	21 A	22 E	■	23 B	■	24 E	25 W	26 D	27 Y	■	28 N
29 O	30 E	31 M	32 Q	33 T	34 K	35 P	36 X	37 B	■	38 K	39 T	40 W	41 E	42 A	43 I	44 C	45 P
■	46 A	47 Q	48 R	■	49 Y	50 H	51 U	52 I	53 E	54 W	■	55 J	56 K	■	57 L	58 E	59 Y
60 A	61 W	■	62 N	63 D	64 E	■	65 C	66 L	67 K	68 E	69 I	70 W	■	71 B	72 I	■	73 O
74 W	75 P	■	76 U	77 B	78 W	79 O	■	80 Q	81 I	82 T	83 D	84 G	85 W	■	86 O	87 A	■
88 Q	89 Y	90 W	91 R	92 P	93 C	94 G	95 H	96 I	■	97 M	98 N	99 P	100Q	■	101F	102G	103I
104V	105E	106X	107Q	108A	■	109B	110D	111A	112C	■	113V	114Q	115N	116O	117E	118Y	119I
■	120D	121H	122M	123B	124Y	■	125L	126J	127E	128Y	129N	130H	131P	132I	133O	■	134X
135D	136B	137P	138S	139R	140Y	141T	142U	■	143C	144K	145E	146S	147R	148T	149V	150F	151O
152X	153A	154D	155H	■	156P	157F	158W	159S	160C	161E	162R	163J	164U	■	165X	166D	167K
■	168B	169E	170F	■	171L	172E	173J	174F	175G	176T	177X	■	178A	179Y	■	180C	181T
182H	183U	184G	185D	186Y	■	187W	188L	189T	190V	■	191J	192U	■	193N	194E	195G	196S
■	197G	198H	199Y	200K	201M	202S	203N	204P	205Q	206V	■	207S	208C	209I	210O	211F	212H
213E	214W	■	215J	216F	217K	218S	■	219S	220I	221N	■	222U	223J	224G	225V	■	■

See page 101 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from p. 97)

fornia electorate, it appears, is fed up with big government, welfarism, and rampant crime. Reagan's emphasis on these issues, seconded by performance, is the secret of his success—proving that a shiny package does very well in politics as elsewhere, but that there must also be something inside it. Now it seems the rest of the naton is also beginning to respond to the Reagan combination of handsome exterior and philosophical substance. Edwards has thus provided a valuable introduction to what may be the most important development of the next political season. M. S. EVANS

A PRIDE OF PREJUDICES, by Vermont Royster (Knopf, $6.95). The venerable editor of the *Wall Street Journal* beseeches us not to label him a "conservative" or a "nineteenth-century liberal" since "Absurdity is no respector of political philosophies or the centuries of man." Okay. But his essays from the *Journal*'s editorial page, collected here, make their salient points for such virtues as grumbling, ethics even for government officials, St. Thomas Aquinas, and two-year terms for congressmen, and against such evils as the government's "war on poverty," the way the war in Vietnam is being fought, and the tendency to teach "not equality in virtue but in license"—all of which suggests that the "conservative" or "nineteenth-century liberal" reader will not find too many of his own prejudices upset by Mr. Royster's non-ideological prejudices. He sees his essays as "a throwback to a former time," to "the man who simply wrote as a good conversationalist might talk on whatever topic came to mind." My particular delights were his excursions in defense of solitude, against do-gooders of all varieties ("Miss Carrie was as honorable as the witch hunters of Salem when she went about chopping up saloons"), and on the functions and duties of the journalist. On this latter topic, he writes that "A journalist owes nothing to those who govern his country. He owes everything to his country." D. FRANKE

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S

TRANS-O-GRAM (Jan. 16)

Niccolo Machiavelli: *Discourses on Livy*. When things are so managed in a government that the neighbors purchase its comity and make themselves its pensioners 'tis a certain sign of the potency of that government. But when the neighbors on the contrary receive money from it 'tis as infallible a sign of its weakness.

HAZELTON

(Continued from page 89)

than maudlin sentimentality, and enabled us to face the New Year with a splendid unity of body and soul and good will towards all.

Let me say that any kind of a good wine, from California, France, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Hungary, South Africa, Australia or wherever, provided it is not too heavy, will do fine for evening drinking. I think it is better to stick to one kind if one wishes to keep one's head clear, but on the other hand, a lot may be said for a sampling of different wines. To each his own.

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 61)

History has, in fact, produced such evidence—the last portion of the Act of Congress of March 26, 1790. While the Act is entitled "An Act to establish a uniform rule of naturalization", it is in fact separated into two distinct parts, separated by a period. The first part has to do with the qualifications for naturalization; the second part clearly and distinctly spells out the meaning of a "natural-born citizen" as follows: "and the children of citizens of the United States, that may be born beyond Sea, or out of the limits of the United States, shall be considered as natural-born citizens."

Members of the First Congress have thus given history the best evidence of the meaning of "a natural-born citizen," particularly because the 1790 Act shows approval of this meaning by Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, Speaker of the House of Representatives; John Adams, Vice President and President of the Senate; and George Washington, who presided over the Convention of 1787. No court should have the audacity to reject such evidence.

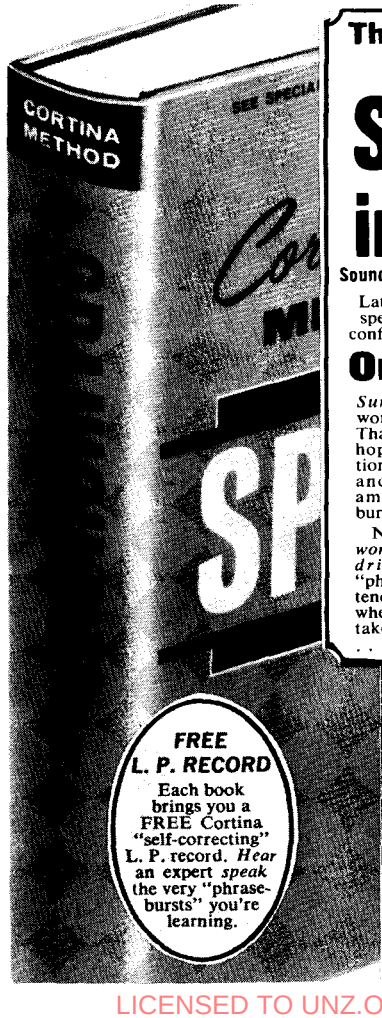
Sarasota, Fla. JOHN L. CABLE

Ulp!

The contributors to, and the editors of, NATIONAL REVIEW all write in a lively, natural, easy style. Why must they be so damn prissy about such trivialities as *who* vs *whom*? And you are not always impeccable: I remember that the list of contributors on your cover once ended with "and etc."

Terre Haute, Ind. RICHARD D. MULLEN

Correspondence on this topic is now closed. —ED.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FOR THE RECORD

■ Money not flowing in the way Sen. **Eugene McCarthy**'s backers felt it would. McCarthy estimates it will cost him $1 million to run in six primaries he says he'll enter. One trouble, according to aides who disapprove his low-key approach to campaigning, is what they call McCarthy's "passion gap." . . . Only Californian Democratic congressmen to back McCarthy were two you would expect—**George Brown** (ADA—89 per cent; COPE—100 per cent) and **Don Edwards** (100—100), former ADA head. Edwards incidentally running into tough competition this year from ex-Marine **Donald Sherwood**, Republican conservative. . . . *National Catholic Reporter* threw its support to McCarthy last week, and called on **Bobby Kennedy** to "enlist" against the "immoral war" in Vietnam. . . . Kennedy being razzed on campuses for his failure to support McCarthy (some sample posters at Brooklyn College recently: "BOBBY BIRD"; "BOBBY CHARMS WHILE LYNDON BOMBS," etc.) . . . Now that Postmaster General **Larry O'Brien** says he's willing to stand in for Johnson in Massachusetts primary against McCarthy, there's all hell to pay. Boston politicos (**Kenneth O'Donnell** among them) figure the guy who makes the pitch for LBJ in '68 may get the nod for governor in '70.

■ **J. Wm. Fulbright**, who usually dishes it out, got it in the kisser the other day from Congressman **Joseph Resnick** (D., N.Y.). Said Resnick, on his return from Vietnam: "I now have more first-hand knowledge of this area of the world than the entire Senate Foreign Relations Committee. . . . Evidently Mr. Fulbright's interpretation of foreign relations is to keep them as foreign as he possibly can." Resnick is the one announced Democratic candidate for Sen. **Javits**' seat in November. . . . Another possible candidate: Manhattan Borough President **Percy Sutton**, a Negro. Sutton's plunge could hurt plans of New York peaceniks to run **Allard** (Mr. Dump Johnson) **Lowenstein.**

■ Pressure by International Red Cross successful thus far in keeping Rwanda from turning **Jean Schramme** and his white mercenaries over to **Mobutu.** Result: Mobutu has broken off diplomatic relations with Rwanda. . . . Algiers rumors persist that **Moise Tshombe** will be freed, in near future, probably flown back to France or Spain. . . . So far Col. **Boumedienne** is resisting pressure from Zambian firebrand Vice President **Simon Kapwepwe** to station Algerian MiG fighters in Zambia. Pretext: to help Zambia fight Rhodesian and South African border troops. . . . It's now reported that **Che Guevara**, who was missing for two years before he turned up, dead, in Bolivia, spent six months of that time trying to build up a guerrilla force in the Congo to stage a Red coup there. . . . While Pres. **Sékou Touré** of Guinea was racking up his biggest election of all— he got 99.7 per cent of the votes—his honorary co-President **Kwame Nkrumah** continued to live as he has for the past year, in luxurious house arrest.

■ **Agrarian reformers at work:** Last week Burma reported another flare-up of Communist guerrilla fighting. Officials estimated "several hundred" Chinese Communists had slipped across the border. . . King **Bhumibol Adulaydef** of Thailand warned that recent attempts by North Vietnamese, Pathet Lao and Meo tribesmen to cross into Thailand's Nan Province marked "the start of open aggression." The aim of the aggressors, he said, "was to destroy everything we have, including the Thai nation itself." . . . **F. M. Nascimento Brito**, editor of the influential *Jornal do Brasil*, returned from Vietnam full of praise of the U.S. effort to contain Communist aggression there. He predicted U.S. would win war. . . . State Dept. estimates that the 320,000 Cubans who have fled to the U.S. since the **Castro** takeover have probably contributed more to U.S. economy in taxes than cost of Cuban Refugee Program.

■ Poor **Romney**: **Alf Landon** of Kansas, one of his earliest backers, now says he'll support Sen. **Frank Carlson**'s favorite son bid rather than try to get a Kansas delegation pledged to Romney. . . . **Rockefeller**'s backers—except for N.Y. National Republican Committeeman **George Hinman**—urging Rocky to get into Oregon race, the presumption on all sides being that Romney will have done badly in New Hampshire. . . . **Charles Percy** says if Rockefeller doesn't enter Oregon, he may have to himself, in major attempt to stop Nixon. . . . Percy's supporters back home in Illinois doleful about his chances of getting solid convention support from his own state's delegates. Says one aide: "It will take a great deal of persuasion to get some of the delegates to vote for him on any ballot." . . . Gallup's annual "Who is the man most admired by Americans today" poll, puts **Richard Nixon** (7) and **Ronald Reagan** (9) in top ten; Rockefeller, Romney and Percy did not make it. Most important Democrats on list: **Johnson** (2), **Kennedy** (4), **Truman** (10). **Eisenhower** was number one—first time in ages an incumbent President has been bounced from that spot.

■ State of the Union, as seen by a *N.Y. Daily News* reader: "President Johnson may never cure poverty, but with prices and taxes the way they are, he's sure going to cure wealth."

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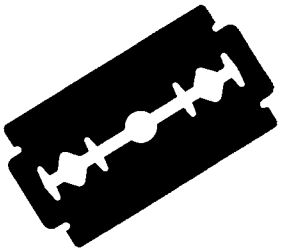
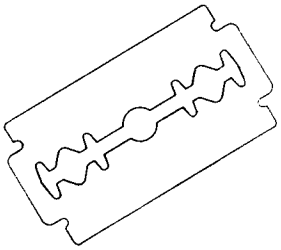
End of the Blues:



Blue two timer

"Inexpensive" carbon steel blades give most men only 1 or 2 shaves. They seem cheaper, but actually cost more per shave.



Spoiled me too-er

The "Me too-er" brand reluctantly followed Schick's American leadership in stainless steel, but massive advertising cannot overcome the comfort of the molecular Miron© Coating on the Krona edge.

Lasting Friend

With stainless steel technology initially developed in our Swedish Plant, Schick Science perfected the famous thousand foot strop, the molecular Miron Coating, and the Krona® Comfort Edge to assure you consistent comfort shave after shave. They're Lasting Friends– the kind you'll always feel comfortable with.

Put your reliance on famous Schick Science.

Schick Safety Razor Co., Division of **EVERSHARP**, Inc.

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